

September, 1936

The Liguorian



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REDEMPTORIST FATHERS

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AMONGST OURSELVES

We have been asked quite frequently of late whether THE LIGUORIAN intends to publish any further account of the life of Father Etzig, its zealous co-editor who died in June. We have an article in preparation, based not only on the facts of his life, but upon his intimate diaries, which will appear in one of the autumn issues. . . . If his writings were inspiring, readers will find his life more inspiring still.

* * *

During October the feast of St. Gerard Majella is celebrated. This great Redemptorist saint is rapidly becoming known as an unfailing patron of mothers, especially in regard to the dangers of childbirth. . . . We shall have an article on the saint, and an account of a recently organized League for the spread of his cult. One of the aims of the League is to have the saint officially proclaimed as the patron of mothers.

* * *

Readers who were interested in the explanation of the Nuptial Mass published in the June issue, will find it followed up by a series of short articles explaining and commenting on the sacred rite of Ordination, by H. S. Smith, C.Ss.R. This rite is one of the most beautiful and expressive in all the ceremonial of the Church, and will be found most stimulating by all who are at all interested in the liturgy.



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The Liguorian

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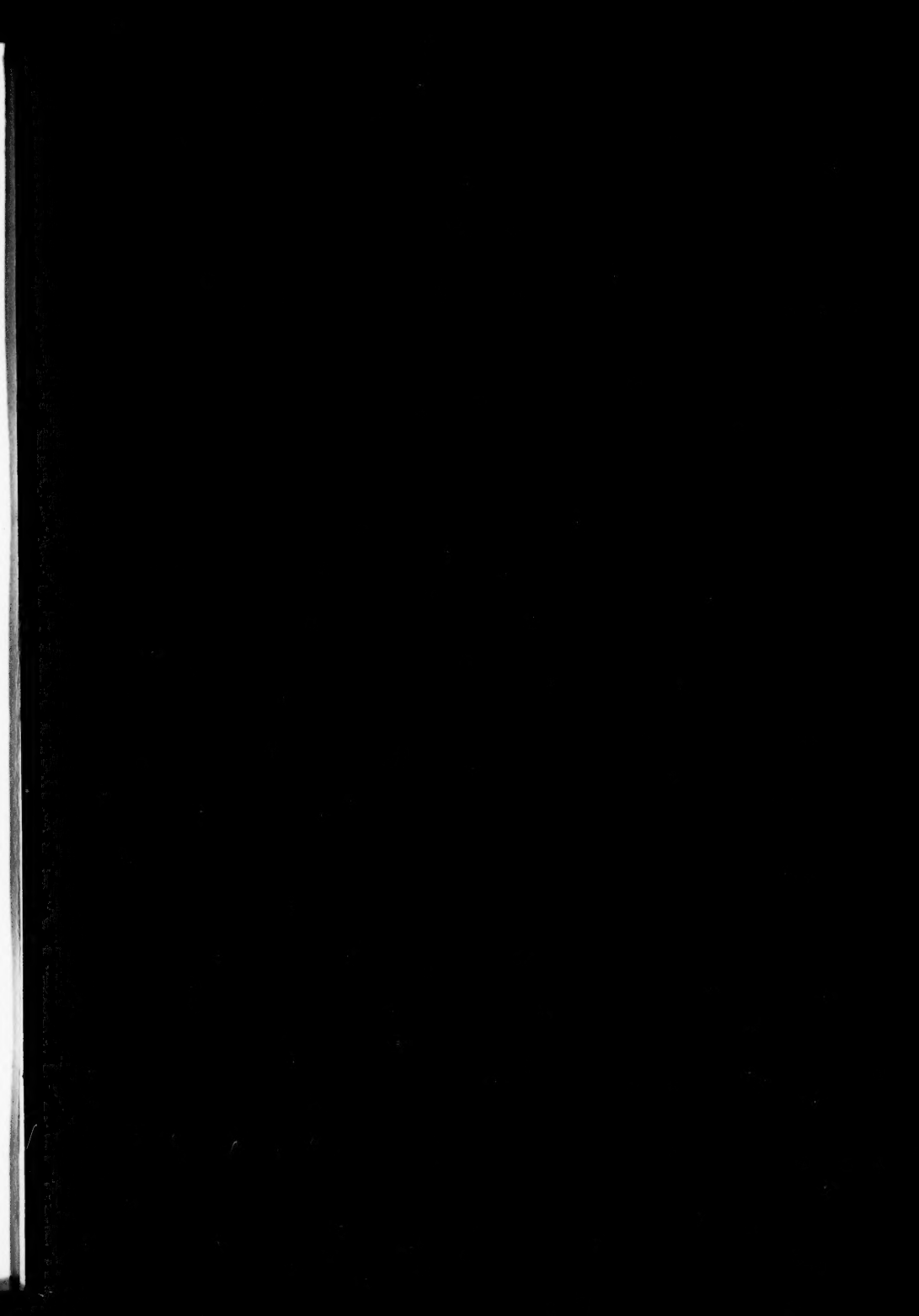
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No. 9

MARY'S NATIVITY

There bloomed amid a myriad flowers bright,
Whose burning petals made our garden glow,
A lily lithe, as chaste as falling snow,
Enchanting in its hue of virgin white.

Its graceful bloom diffused a mellow light
That bathed in glory plant and earth below
It breathed a charm the garden could not know,
Until it came with heaven's grace bedight.

Just so it was at Mary's wondrous birth,
The Virgin Mother of the Word Divine.
Her sinless soul diffused a light on earth
That made our humbler virtues brighter shine.

The plant drew many to our garden small,
But Mary drew to earth—the Lord of all!

— F. R. Nastvogel, C.Ss.R.

FATHER TIM CASEY

ON WEARING MEDALS

C. D. McEnniry, C.Ss.R.

ALOYSIUS BRANNIGAN — otherwise known as "Red" — did not shine that day in catechism class. Out of five straight questions, he missed two completely and fumbled the other three. There is not the slightest doubt he could have done much better than that. One — and only one — explanation suggested itself to the mind of everybody in the room. And that explanation was correct. Red hadn't studied his lesson.

But what general — I ask you fairly, as man to man — what general, on the eve of a decisive battle, *could* be expected to concentrate his mind on a study entirely foreign to the crucial struggle? Tomorrow, Saturday, Red's team was to clash with the public school nine on the vacant lot back of Kelly's garage. And wasn't a victory for St. Mary's over the public school a triumph for the Catholic faith? With a dozen strategic problems to solve, Red had sat for a full half-hour looking straight at the book before him without seeing a word. — But what was the use of offering this excuse to grown-ups who held to the preposterous idea that a catechism lesson was more important than such a baseball game?

Father Casey was displeased. Sister Majella was disconsolate. An ominous silence brooded over the classroom. Being a born strategist, young Brannigan knew that a swift diversion may sometimes avert a disastrous frontal attack. Simulating a sudden thirst for religious knowledge, he waved his hand for permission to speak.

"Well, what is it, my boy?" Father Casey demanded rather sharply.

"Isn't it all right to believe in a Agnes Day — isn't it, Father?"

"You mean Agnus Dei, don't you Red?"

"Yes, cause Skinny Waters says they ain't so."

"I did not, either." — The Waters boy was quick to rise to the defense of his own orthodoxy — "I said we had new lightnin' rods on our house, and Red, he said he didn't need no lightnin' rod cause he had a

Agnes Day and lightnin' couldn't strike you when you had an Agnes Day, and I said I didn't see how a piece of wax could keep lightnin' from striking you. That's all I said."

"And do you believe that lightning cannot strike you while you are wearing an Agnus Dei?" the priest asked.

"Sister Majella said it couldn't," Red asserted.

"No she didn't, Father. She said while you are wearing one you couldn't get the measles," Dorothy Weiss volunteered.

"No, she just said that God would protect you," Miriam Compton corrected.

"Sister Majella told you the correct doctrine. That much is certain. But some of you" — And the priest directed a severe glance towards the locality of Aloysius Brannigan — "were thinking of baseball instead of paying attention. Let us get this thing straightened out." If anybody in the class would remember just what the teacher had said, that person would be Miriam Compton. He called on her. "Miriam, what is an Agnus Dei?"

"It is a particle of wax blessed and consecrated by the Pope," Miriam replied.

"Mine is not wax. It's silk. See." Blaze Philip fished from under his collar a dirty string from which dangled an Agnus Dei, a Gospel of St. John, and a half-dozen medals of sundry shapes and sizes. "Sister Majella made it."

"It is wax," Miriam told him. "Sister Majella merely covered the blessed wax with silk to protect it."

"What language are the words Agnus Dei?" the priest asked.

"Latin. They mean Lamb of God. Jesus is called the Lamb of God because the Bible says He was led like a lamb to the slaughter for love of us."

"What kind of wax must be used?"

"The purest white wax to represent — to represent —" There Miriam stuck.

Father Casey helped her. "To represent the spotless humanity, that is, the spotless human body and soul with which God united Himself when He was born of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Now, tell us who can bless and consecrate this wax."

"Nobody but our Holy Father the Pope."

"How does the Pope perform this ceremony?"

"First, he blesses water. Then he pours into the water holy chrism. The perfume of the balsam signifies the sweet odor of Christian virtue in the followers of the Lamb. The holy chrism itself, which is used also when churches, bells, and priests are consecrated to the service of God, signifies that this wax is set aside exclusively for holy purposes and must therefore be treated with great respect. Next, the Pope dips the wax into the holy water mixed with chrism and recites the beautiful prayers which have been used by Popes in this ceremony for hundreds of years."

"What does the Pope ask of God in these prayers?"

"He asks for— for — a *lot* of things.

"Good, Miriam. We cannot expect you to remember. I cannot remember myself. But I will read it for you. When the Pope blesses and consecrates the wax he begs God to grant: First, that at the sight or touch of the lamb impressed on the wax, the faithful may be reminded of how Christ, the Divine Lamb, was sacrificed on the cross for love of them and that they may thus be moved to love Him in return, to repent of their offenses against Him and thus obtain pardon. Second, that by the saving sign of the cross, impressed on the wax, He may make the devils tremble and take flight, that He may cause hail storms to cease, tempests to subside, storms of wind and lightning to be dispelled. Third, that He may intervene to defeat the snares and wiles and frauds of Satan. Fourth, that He may have special care of mothers and their babies if the mothers are devoutly wearing the Agnus Dei when their babies are born. Fifth, that He may protect all, who venerate this reminder of the Lamb of God, in the time of adversity and in dangers from plagues and other contagious diseases and from fire, flood, shipwreck, and evil men. Sixth, that the divine aid enable them to bear good and evil fortune in a Christian manner, that, through the merits of the Passion and Death of Jesus Christ, they be protected from all evils of body and soul and from a sudden and unprovided death. That is how the Pope prays. He offers this prayer as Head of the Church, and therefore the whole Church prays with him for the same intention. — Dorothy Weiss, when your little baby brother was so near dying, who made him well?"

"Doctor Wall says he sure didn't — Nicky was too far gone. Mama says it was because Sister Majella and all the Sisters were praying for him."

"There you are!" said the priest. "If we have so much confidence in the prayers of one little group of sisters how much more confidence ought we not have in the prayers of the whole Church! — And, Miriam Compton, what do you think of Red Brannigan?"

"I think he is a little pagan," she replied without a moment's hesitation.

"Why?"

"Because he says when he is wearing an Agnus Dei the lightning can't strike him. That is superstition."

"Well, ain't that what Father just said?" Red bristled for the fight.

"To think lightning cannot strike you because you are wearing a bit of wax, that would be superstition," the priest told them. "To trust that God will protect you from lightning because the whole Church begs this favor for everybody that carries this touching reminder of God's love and mercy, that is not superstition, but common sense and Christian piety."

"Well, ain't that what I said?" Red demanded of the wise Miriam.

"If Miriam misunderstood you, you must not have said it clearly," the priest reminded him. "In these days you must be able to give a very exact reason for your practises of piety, otherwise somebody will accuse you of superstition. What we have been saying of Agnus Dei holds also, in due measure, of blessed medals, holy water, blessed palms, and all such objects, which we call sacramentals. They have no power at all in themselves, but if we use them to remind us of God and His holy love, the whole Church prays for us, and the prayers of the Church are very powerful to obtain protection for us."

"Father, Father, how many medals had we ought to wear?" Evidently somebody had been giggling at Blaze's collection.

"What does the class think?" the priest countered.

Some thought, three; some thought, four; some thought one should be enough; Blaze said: "All you kin get."

"It is not the number but the devotion that counts. Suppose you have a special devotion to some saint or to some mystery of our holy faith. You may well wear a medal commemorating that saint or that mystery. For example, you have a special devotion to St. Aloysius and you wear his medal. Every time you look at that medal you will be reminded how fervently St. Aloysius loved God and how that love made him strong enough and brave enough to say 'no' to every temptation

and to do his duty for the love of God, to study his catechism and everything" — Here another severe glance in the direction of Aloysius Brannigan — "Or suppose you cultivate, as you should, a tender devotion to the Passion of Our Lord. Wear an Agnus Dei, and every time you look at it you will be reminded of Jesus who was led as a Lamb to the slaughter for love of you. You can wear these articles of devotion about your neck or carry them in your pocket or attach them to your rosary beads or keep them hanging on your bed post. But if you never give a thought to what they signify then you will not get much profit from them even though your chest is as full of medals as a veteran of four wars," said Father Casey.

DID IT EVER STRIKE YOU

That a dying Catholic, be he good, bad or indifferent, will never call for a Protestant minister?

That many dying Protestants, generally the best and most virtuous have called for a Catholic priest?

That no Catholic, so long as he leads a virtuous life, falls away from his faith or denies his religion?

That ordinarily only the best among Protestants become Catholics?

That only the indifferent, not to say the worst Catholics, become Protestants?

That there is no case on record of a good, pious, virtuous priest becoming a minister?

That the Protestant ministers who have become Catholics were among the most learned and most virtuous of their calling?

— *Father Shell.*

THE QUARRELER

Quarrelsome people, if they have no one to quarrel with, quarrel with themselves. The story is told of a certain quartermaster of the United States Army who was temporarily made commander of a company. In this position he made a requisition on himself as quartermaster for a saddle.

As quartermaster he refused to fill the requisition, writing the reasons for doing so on the reverse side.

As Company Commander he wrote to himself once more, insisting that the requisition be filled.

As quartermaster he still declined to fill it.

The matter was finally referred to the commanding officer of the post, who, concealing his amusement, said:

"You have quarreled with every officer in the Army, and now you are quarreling with yourself."

BOY LEAVES GIRL

The moral of this story—need we point it?—is that it always happens like this—unless there is something wrong with the boy.

D. J. Corrigan, C.Ss.R.

THOUGH it happened long ago, I still have a vivid recollection of a group of children, the bulk of them crowded between the years four and six, standing around a little open grave, all the while, as the expression goes, crying their eyes out. The funeral process over, the eldest child, a pretty lass whose name I shall omit, devoutly knelt down and led the others in the "Our Father" and "Hail Mary." The dead one—I cannot call it a person because it possessed no spiritual soul—was a shaggy, crippled, ancient collie dog.

Most often the bitterest of our human griefs come because our affections have been wrenched. Usually somebody, something, whether it be relative or friend or pet or keepsake, has been torn right out of our heartstrings, leaving in this organ of love a painful bleeding. The above incident and subsequent comment bring me to my story, which, though colored by fiction, is based on actual fact.

OF A certain torrid evening in midsummer St. Louis, Miss Elizabeth (Betty) Gilhooley was impatiently tearing her dampened handkerchief to shreds in the little family parlor. Now Betty was sad and—what is more—she had been crying. It was unusual for Betty to cry, and still more unusual for her to be sad. People that knew her always maintained that she was fully one hundred and thirty pounds of gayety and that in all her nineteen years when upon rare occasions she did give vent to the universal weakness of womanhood she was really laughing at you through her tears.

Upon this particular evening, however, her tears were genuine, because her great big generous heart was heavy. For the moment her soul was truly a battleground, strewn with the wreckage of frustrated hopes and stifled emotions, overrun by the ruthless force of a determined will. But her mind was made up: she had to tell him—Gerald—tonight!

She recalled now when first she met Gerald, almost a year before. At the time she had not been much attracted to the huge, clumsy fellow; in fact, she took his attentions somewhat as a joke. He was so bashful that she felt for him a kind of pity.

It had been over at the Simpsons, whither she had gone for an informal visit. Jerry was there, introduced as a friend of one of the Simpson boys. Throughout the entire evening he had hardly uttered a word, but both his honest blue eyes and his ready smile showed that he was interested in all that was said and done.

Then when the "Good night's" were being exchanged, he had slipped over to her side and seemed almost to plead in a voice tiny for his massive frame, "Could I take you home?"

Betty would never forget that first ride in Jerry's roadster. She knew that the boy wanted to talk. She had tried to make it easy for him, but their conversation scarcely got beyond the weather and his job. Drawing up before her home, he hurried around to her side of the car and opened the door — "like a cab driver," thought Betty — and then holding his hat in his hand he managed to exclaim, "Gee, I like you. Could I take you out sometime?"

And Betty had answered, "Sure."

During the next few months she was to learn more of Gerald. He began to call her on the telephone, at first once a week, then twice, and finally almost every day. And always their conversations were identical, punctuated by periods of silence, when the boy was just aching to open up his heart, and Betty, half amused, half sympathetic, felt herself unable to help him.

But in as much as Jerry was unlike most other boys, so Betty came to find in him a growing interest and respect. Gradually under her kindly companionship his tongue was loosened more and more, until, when they were alone at least, he could express himself quite freely. In the course of time she discovered in him some qualities of rare worth. For one thing, he was always his same, honest, straightforward self, apparently knowing none of the petulant inconstancy and artificial striving for effect which in other boys frequently made her sick. Then too, she knew that she was absolutely safe in his company: indecency and smuttiness seemed wholly foreign to his mind, and God help the lout who would insult her in his presence! Somehow she began

to feel that if she were not pure and true and sincere she would not have *belonged* with Jerry.

The boy had character, too, — the courage of his convictions. She was to learn this in a rather startling way. The two, upon her invitation, had gone to a party, all friends of Betty. The evening's entertainment had begun with a round of drinks which twenty years before would have been deemed scandalous among a group of respectable young people. Jerry was the only boy in the crowd that refused!

After that he became the target for a bit of teasing, some of which made Betty flush with anger. But Jerry took it standing up, blushing, it is true, but not yielding an inch of his good nature.

On their way home Betty asked, "Don't you ever drink, Jerry?"

"No," replied the boy. "I don't like the stuff. Besides, I've seen too much of it."

He was like that in other things.

Another way in which Jerry attracted Betty was in the fact that he was a student. Though his formal education had not gone very far, he was constantly reading. But here was just the trouble: there was evidently no religion in his life. He used to carry his books to Betty, some of which were bitterly anti-Catholic. After a time she had taken him to Sunday Mass and the weekly devotions in honor of our Mother of Perpetual Help. He thought the services very beautiful and was always on time to go with her; but that was because Betty loved them. As far as he was concerned, religion seemed to be away above his head.

And on this torrid evening that was the reason for Betty's tears. She was conscious that she could not do it without driving a knife clean through her heart; but her Confessor had agreed: she had to tell the boy — tonight. She knew now as never before that though he possessed few of the so-called social graces and still danced pretty much like a cowboy, she was deeply in love with this Galahad of hers — for his goodness.

The door bell rang, and a moment later she was face to face with his familiar wave and "Hey, Betty."

"It's so hot tonight," she had said. "Let's go out on the lawn."

The boy was unusually loquacious and enthusiastic and happy this evening. She almost felt her soul shrink within her as he went on, telling about his prospects at the office and his little sister's infected toe.

Finally, in the first lull, she began, "Jerry, I have something to tell you which I am afraid will hurt you."

Jerry looked his astonishment.

"Jerry, you and I have to — break up, — stop keeping company." Betty was having a hard time; she had not intended being so blunt.

"Quit keeping company?" Jerry gulped. "Does that mean — does that mean that I can't see you anymore?" He was too dumfounded to be hurt, as yet.

"Oh, Jerry, I'm afraid so. You see, Jerry, you and I could never be married, and, Jerry, — I'm beginning to think too much of you!"

"You mean, Betty, — that you like me that much?"

"Uh-huh," she answered, between sobs.

"And just why do we have to break up?"

"Because, Jerry, I am a Catholic and you haven't any religion. I love my Faith so much I would never marry a non-Catholic."

This was a new one for Jerry. He had never thought of marriage and religion as being particularly combined. A moment later he was truly groping for light when he asked, "But why wouldn't you marry a non-Catholic?"

"Because it very seldom works, Jerry, — a Catholic and a non-Catholic in marriage. Generally it turns out unhappily for both, and the Catholic person frequently loses his or her religion."

"Oh, I see."

It was Betty's turn now to be puzzled. Through her tears, which were still flowing quite freely, she watched the boy as with head bent he picked up a stick and silently dug a little hole in the sod. Finally he looked up and said, "Betty, I know you. You wouldn't tell me this if it weren't so. But isn't there any other way we can fix it up?"

"I'm afraid not, Jerry."

There was another pause, during which the usually firm lines of Jerry's mouth gave way to a quiver and shades of pain, anger and despair successively clouded his features. Betty, for her part, sat as though transfixed, torn between her love and her resolve. Especially was it hard for her when at last the boy stood up and in all the rugged nobility of his soul blurted out, "Betty, I never met anybody as good as you are. I think the world of you and the last thing I would want to do is harm you. If — if I'm a danger to you, — why, I — I'll go."

And with that, he left her.

HEARTS are peculiar. Physically, the least little damage will often stop their vitalized flow and bring on death. But in a spiritual sense these hearts of ours can sometimes be pierced and hacked and seared, and still throb on in their life of love. In the latter case there is usually only one remedy, — the soothing ointment of time; but even then the healing is frequently just a surface cure, for with a little prodding the wound begins to bleed afresh, especially when the cuts have been deep.

For seven months Betty heard neither word nor rumor of Gerald. He really dropped right out of her life, but not out of her thoughts. She was too human a girl not to feel keenly and long such a violent thwarting of emotion. Her friends began to talk in private about her absent-mindedness, her evidently forced geniality, the fact that she was losing weight. They would have had more scope for their anxious gossip, had they been able to read some of the doubts that were eating away at her soul: maybe, she had been too hasty with the boy; if she had just held on to him a little longer; possibly only through her would he have come to the true Light! And in spite of the fact that she was comforted by the assurance of having done right, she was occasionally tormented by the half angry thought: little he must have cared, to break away without a word, without a thought!

After seven months she was just coming out of it when late one Saturday night she was called to the telephone.

"Hey, Betty, this is Jerry."

"Oh, Jerry, how are you?"

"Great. And how are you, Betty?"

"Pretty good."

"Betty, — I want you to come down to St. Aloysius Church at seven in the morning. I'll meet you at the entrance."

"At St. Aloysius — Why?"

"Because I'm going to make my First Communion."

"Your First Communion? Why, you're not even a — ! How did this happen, Jerry?"

"Wait, I'll tell you — afterwards."

Next morning the two went up to the altar rail together. Betty's thanksgiving, however, was almost ruined by her curiosity. Afterwards, round a little breakfast table at the Coronado, Jerry told her all:

"Betty, when I left you that night I felt as though my heart were

going to fall out. I couldn't forget you for a moment and I knew that you must have been feeling the same way about me. Then I began to think. I decided that if your religion meant so much to you, then there must be something to it. I went to Father Stolte and asked for instruction. I didn't tell you, Betty, because I wasn't sure that I'd become a Catholic, — I didn't think it right to become one just because of you. Then the other day I almost called you for my Baptism, but I decided that I'd surprise you more with my First Holy Communion. Aren't you glad, Betty?"

POPULAR DELUSIONS

We hold no brief against the merchandizers of drugs. Nor do we wish to be alligned on the side of those who are pessimistic with regard to many of the ills of the mankind. We shall admit, however, a distinct antipathy for that type of modern advertising which claims infallibility, impeccability, and omniperson for the products it is trying to promote. These were our thoughts as we perused the following lines in a recent issue of a scientific review:

"Careful tests have shown that all common cold remedies give 'definite improvement' in from 35 to 42 per cent of cases — which is precisely the percentage of recovery obtained by the use of milk sugar tablets or by no treatment at all.

"Unless recent work at the University of Minnesota proves out in the long run, science today knows no definite way either to prevent or to cure colds. Specialists who have made colds their life study, and who have recently issued a tome of nearly 1000 very large pages, agree that the cause of colds is unknown and that, generally speaking, whereas an untreated cold usually runs two weeks, a treated cold usually runs a fortnight.

"It is definitely known that no form of gargle can prevent colds, as well as that putting various chemicals up the nose after a cold has developed usually prolongs the cold, and certainly gets the nasal tissues into such a condition that the development of really serious infective complications is enormously facilitated."

Strong scientific meat this, for a people that is met on every hand by screaming proclamations of unfailing remedies.

HIDDEN WITH CHRIST

This is the second of the series of articles on the Redemptoristine nuns, being prepared by Father Cullen.

W. T. Cullen, C.Ss.R.

ONE day in early 1724 a carriage rolled up to the gates of Scala and out stepped two Carmelite nuns and a girl in postulant attire, and with them a host of relatives and friends including the good Father Falcoja.

They were daughters—the three of them—of the respected Crostarosa family. Their father, Giuseppe, a worthy scion of that house, was a comfortable official at Naples and a good Christian as was his devout wife, Baptistina Caldari. Of these three girls, the two eldest,—Ursula and Julia,—had been away from home for over eight years as nuns at Marigliano, while the youngest, Joanna, had lately taken the notion to join her sisters. Now the three were come to the cloister of Scala to ask admission.

The Scala nuns made little demur; they came together in chapter and voted to accept the new arrivals and, needless to say, they must have regarded them as a godsend. For, not to mention the high personal recommendation they bore, each of them, these Crostarosa, brought a dowry of 400 ducats and a pension of 10 ducats, and besides their father was sending Scala a present of 200 ducats for building purposes.

The three were voted in on the 21st of January. On the feast of Candlemas, council and chapter decided to give them the holy habit; and on Christmas Day, 1726, they took their vows in the hands of Bishop Gueriero and were henceforth known as Sister M. Illuminata (Ursula), Sister M. Celeste (Julia), and Sister M. Evangelista (Joanna).

Now our story has a great deal to do with the second of the three sisters—Mary Celeste. It may be that some day we shall see her raised to the honors of the altar for since the year 1901 the Holy See allows her the title of Venerable. But the day she entered Scala she probably had no idea that her life there would be at all out of the ordinary, that it would be involved in great consequences not only for

the monastery but for the Church at large. She was far too humble to imagine that God should ever choose her to inspire a saint in a great work of salvation, that she should be used to carry His message to one who would some day raise up two religious orders in His church. Yet it was through her as the channel of inspiration that Saint Alphonsus first saw revealed the will of God in this regard; likewise through her the means of its fulfillment.

To say a word on the life of Sister Mary Celeste: she was a country-woman of St. Alphonsus, born at Naples All Hallows' Eve, 1696, and when twenty she and her sister, Ursula, left the world to enter at the Carmel of Marigliano near Naples. After taking her vows, the sisters, moved no doubt by her virtues, gave her the task of novice-mistress; a rather unusual procedure in our day but common, perhaps, then.

It happened that Father Falcoja, the director of Scala, came into that neighborhood to give missions and the like, and stopping to arrange a retreat at Marigliano he met the mistress, Sister M. Celeste. She must have been quite impressed with his zeal and his sanctity, for Father Falcoja was truly a holy man, and after the retreat she chose him for her spiritual director. Safe to say she did not foresee then all the grief that would come to her later on through his guidance.

In the meanwhile, things were not well with the Carmel at Marigliano; the nuns had a powerful enemy at court working against their convent for some reason or other, and finally, when matters had gone from bad to worse, the bishop of the diocese saw fit to close the place more for the sake of peace than anything else, and the poor nuns were told to return to their homes or seek shelter in some other community.

After the Carmel was dissolved Mary Celeste and both her sisters saw no better prospect than that of returning to their father's house at Naples for the time being. But Father Falcoja had written to Celeste inviting her to the convent of Scala, and now the voice of Our Lord seemed urging her on, and thus after prayer and consideration and a few family discussions the three sisters set out once more for their second entry into religion. Here at Scala they laid aside the Carmelite garb to clothe themselves in the black habit of the Visitation and begin religious life anew as novices in Falcoja's poor struggling community.

Now began a new and different period of experience for Celeste. Although even as a child she would hear voices at times speaking to her of the things of God, guiding her and telling her of heavenly

secrets, it seemed that at Scala all this became more frequent, more wonderful, she thought, and of greater importance. In after years St. Alphonsus caused her to put in writing all she underwent at this time and we read it too in her life story and in a letter she sent Father Falcoja to tell him of these occurrences.

It was in 1725. The Wednesday of Rogation Week, when she returned to her place in choir after Holy Communion, she felt her soul swept away in rapture. She fell into a blessed union with Our Divine Lord and she saw that He was showing her His will concerning a new family of religious He wished to have founded in the Church, an order which should have for its rule simply the imitation of Christ, the mere practice of His virtues. The nun told afterwards how the Lord had shown her in wonderful array all His merits, pointing out how these future religious should always remind the world of the works He had undertaken and the sufferings He had undergone. Each thing revealed, He told her, she must set to writing.

At times He appeared in His traditional mantle of blue with a red tunic, telling her this should be the new habit, and, on the feast of Corpus Christi, He commanded that the new order take its start there at the convent of Scala.

Celeste realized, of course, that she must put these matters before her superiors, and that she must set about on these various commissions Our Lord had given her. This was not without its many difficulties. First of all, she had to draw up a suitable rule which Our Saviour said would be dictated from above—and that only during the time after Holy Communion. The Heavenly Father then seemed to lay out before her the groundwork and Our Lord appeared to go over the plan with her, explaining the parts, the meaning of certain passages, the daily exercises, and even the significance of the habit. He told her that since these new religious must strive to practise His virtues, she must arrange these in such a way as to form a foundation for a rule, and this she did under nine headings.

Now Father Falcoja had gone to Rome for the Jubilee year, and the only one to whom Mary Celeste could confide her revelations was the novice-mistress, Sister Mary Angela de Vito. But the Saviour ordered her to send an account to Father Falcoja also, because he was her director; and neither was this easy for she well knew the way Falcoja had of dealing with such matters; and then again, she was but a novice

and had no desire to attract so much attention to herself. However, she obeyed.

She was not mistaken in Falcoja. He did not at all take kindly to the revelations, certainly not at first, and when he returned from the Eternal City he heard more of the matter from his superior, Filangieri, who had spent some time at Scala. Too, he had a long letter from Celeste, which though it spoke of the revelations said nothing at all of the new rule.

To say the least, he did not give her a good deal of encouragement. He wrote from his religious house saying that the whole thing was imagination and she had better throw her writings in the fire. Nevertheless, Celeste, though willing to obey, talked it over with her mistress and thought she might safely make a few more representations to Father Falcoja before following his orders. This did not help a great deal either for Falcoja wrote her a second and very severe letter and for her punishment forbade her Holy Communion until the feast of the Assumption, August 15th. Strange to say, his letter did not reach Scala until the 17th and either that morning or the day before they had already sent him the text of the new rule.

Even then his attitude remained about the same. He took three months to pay Scala a visit to inquire into things there himself and, according to Sister Raphael, he then ventured to say (reluctantly, no doubt) that 'after all, perhaps this affair is of God.' Still when he learnt that the beginning should be made here at Scala, where up to the present things had been going along very well, he began thinking again it might be a trick of the devil.

In the course of time, however, he found out that seven nuns of the community already knew details of these revelations and he realized that this could only have happened in a supernatural way, for but very few had been informed and these souls highly advanced in virtue. And then again another incident occurred which must have left an impression, for a nun at Scala called Sister Mary Magdalen (a later biographer of Falcoja) had suffered long from mental trouble and at times her spells upset the whole house. Now Falcoja thought, and justly, that if the new rule had as much sanction from above as the nuns claimed it might assert itself in favor of this afflicted Sister. And it did. For as soon as the mystical writings had touched her forehead the insanity left her, and her cure is attested to by Sister M. Celeste and Father Ripa of the

Chinese College.

Now years before, while walking with a friend along the banks of the Tiber, Father Falcoja himself had once beheld visions of a nature much the same as those of Sister Mary Celeste and at the time, he remarks, his soul was filled with much consolation. Without a doubt these present revelations struck him as a remarkable coincidence. Still, he was a careful man and he submitted the whole thing — revelation, writings, rules, and all — to the judgment of some able theologians and they gave him a favorable decision. So, at long last, basing himself on their opinion, he said he had nothing more to offer against the new rule.

He called the nuns together and told them as their spiritual father and director that they might now accept the red and blue habit and the rule of Sister M. Celeste. And all the Sisters who till then had followed the easier rule of the Visitation agreed to the new habit and stricter rule, and even the bishop of Scala acquiesced in their decision.

Thus it seemed at first that the whole matter would be settled amicably, with all following the new order and everyone content. But suddenly the superior of the house, Sister Mary Joseph Schisano, thought fit to assert herself, first of all, by bringing up this and that against the changing regime, and then allying to herself two Sisters of the community who favored her view rather than the other. Too, strange to say, Father Filangieri, who had seemed a loyal supporter, began to look disfavorably at the work and, hearing some complaints, gave Falcoja rather abrupt orders about any further communication with Scala.

It came to such a pass in the convent that Mary Celeste stood in constant danger of being dismissed because of her "pretended" revelations. Truly, for her they were becoming a source of humiliations as Our Lord had foretold.

So things now proceeded to go on as before at Scala, and though there was peace in the house and charity these events were no longer mentioned, the revelations were laid aside and half forgotten, Father Falcoja was no more director, another was given his place. And weeks of this lengthened into months and months to years; the pendulum came to a dead standstill, and only the question remained — would some one come forward to set it to motion again?

The answer was found in a young Neapolitan priest, eldest son of a royal captain, Don Alfonso Maria de' Liguori,

Three Minute Instruction

THE CATHOLIC SCHOOL

It is quite certain that there are many Catholics who either do not know the strict law of the Church regarding the education of children, or deliberately disobey it. In either case they need to be enlightened; in the former, for the welfare of their children; and in the latter, both for the sake of the children and for the safety of their own immortal souls. The laws of the Church in this matter read as follows:

1. (Canon 1372) All the faithful are to be so instructed from childhood that they are not only to be taught nothing that is contrary to Catholic religion and morals, but that religious and moral instruction will be given the most important place in their education. This law binds not only parents in a serious way, but all who take the place of parents in bringing up children.

2. (Canon 1374) Catholic children shall not be permitted to attend non-Catholic, non-sectarian, nor mixed schools (i.e., those that are open to non-Catholics as well as Catholics). It belongs to the authority of the Ordinary of the place alone (i.e., the bishop) to decide in what circumstances and with what precautions against perversion, children may be permitted to attend such schools.

3. (Decree 196 of Third Council of Baltimore) Therefore we not only urge Catholic parents with paternal love, but we command them with all the authority with which we are endowed to provide that their dearly beloved children, given them by God, reborn to Christ in baptism, and destined for heaven, be given a Christian and Catholic education, and that throughout their childhood and youth they be preserved from the dangers of a merely secular education; and therefore, that they send them only to the parochial or other truly Catholic schools, unless the Ordinary (bishop) in a particular case may judge that they may act otherwise.

4. (Encyclical of Pius XI on Christian Education) From this it follows that the so-called "neutral" or "lay" school, from which religion is excluded, is contrary to the fundamental principles of education. Such a school moreover cannot exist in practice; it is bound to become irreligious. There is no need to repeat what Our predecessors have declared on this point. . . . We renew and confirm their declarations, as well as the Sacred Canons in which the frequenting of non-Catholic schools, whether neutral or mixed those namely which are open to Catholics and non-Catholics alike, is forbidden for Catholic children, and can at most be tolerated, on the approval of the Ordinary alone, under determined circumstances of place and time, and with special precautions.

There can be no doubt about the seriousness of all these laws concerning the education of children. No Catholic parent may take it upon himself alone to decide that his children need not attend a Catholic school, no matter what his own knowledge or experience.

TWICE CURED

Do you remember Sister Maureen? And how she was cured on Christmas eve? This is the story of her second miracle.

E. F. Miller, C.Ss.R.

SISTER MAUREEN was cured by a miracle. That is the beginning of the tale, but not the end. She was cured, so it seems to me, a layman in such matters, in order that the world might know that man is not to figure on his own earthly destiny too closely, or to put it better, in order that the world might understand that every man has a particular position to fill in the scheme of things here on earth, and if he tries his hand at something else, he is in danger of becoming a stark and staring failure. I am not speaking of carpenters or bricklayers or even ditch-diggers. Those are jobs that can be filled by mostly anyone with brawn sufficient to wield a shovel or skill enough to scale a wall. But I am referring to such things that are dropped right into man's lap from heaven and which are indicative of the Lord's will in his regard. Suffering, for example. Some people are just cut out to be sufferers, and they do good, and can do their only good by merely clinging to their beds, and rejoicing in their pains no matter what their feelings say to the contrary.

As I implied, Sister Maureen is a case in hand. Her place in the ranks was one of sickness. She was professed but a short time in the religious life and was only twenty years old when the white man's plague, Tuberculosis, fell upon her, and held her tight for six long years. It was hard for her to take, and harder even for an outsider to watch, for her nature was one that revelled in activity — activity of all kinds and any kind — spiritual, mental, physical. She envisioned the world as a great spiritual battle field and herself as the leader leading the troops over the top to capture souls for God by the thousands. She knew that there was a vast amount of work to be done, and it was her ambition to do it. And yet, there she had to lie, day in and day out, her face flushed with fever, her body worn away to absolute helplessness and weakness.

It was an admitted fact by all who knew her that she was holy. A

kind of child-like simplicity possessed her being, and made her virtue not something rigid and forbidding, but fresh and clean like a morning breeze. It was a treat to talk to her, to see the smile that generally wreathed her face and the light that burned in her eyes in spite of her captivity. Yes, she was holy all right, and more or less resigned to God's will. But the crowning ambition of her life was to get well again and enter the lists that she might do actual battle with the enemies of heaven.

To this end she invaded heaven with the prayers of saints and sinners alike, and flung so many missiles at the heart of God that finally He had to give in and breathe health into that young frame again. Perhaps He did so, not so much to put her on her feet as to teach her a lesson that her battle-field was a bed and her weapons the big guns of absolute resignation and cheerful acceptance to her lot in life. Of course this is only a theory of mine — one that may not hold an ounce of water on a theologian's scale. But what happened afterwards gave me some foundation for my belief.

First of all, as I said, she was cured — cured by a miracle, completely and at once, and not a scale or scab remained to show that she had ever been a victim of the dread disease. The doctor who had attended her, and who was converted by the strange occurrence, swore to me that such was the case. He had examined her before and after. One moment she was as full of germs as a hive is of bees; and the next, she was as solid as the sun and just as stainless.

When first the knowledge came home to her that she was cured, she could not believe it. She just lay there on her bed, silent, motionless, a great fear overshadowing her face and darkening her eyes. It was as though God had actually come into the room, smiled upon her, touched her, cured her. And she was afraid. This lasted for perhaps ten minutes. Then the dark shadows of fear changed to what I can only call a wild look of joy, and she was on her knees at the side of her bed crying out: "Lord, all I can say is, thank you. From now on I'm your little girl, and you can do with me anything in the world that you want to — send me to the foreign missions, keep me at home here in the mother house, make me teach in a country school. Anything, my Lord, anything, anything. I don't know how I can ever thank you for what you've done to me. All I can say is, thank you. And please Lord — just one little thing — now that you have healed me, don't let me get sick

again." Her prayer finished, she jumped to her feet, and ran over to Sister Lawrence, the kindly infirmarian.

"Sister," she said, "get my clothes — right away. I can't lose a minute. I'm cured! And I'm just as strong — stronger, than I was ten years ago. Why are you hesitating? I'm cured! Don't you understand? I want to get out in the yard and taste the sunshine again first hand, and feel the grass under my feet, and listen to the birds sing in the trees. Hurry, Sister, get my clothes."

Sister Lawrence went down to the Procuratory and found a habit that she thought might fit, for Sister Maureen had been sick so long everything she had ever owned, saving Poverty of course, in the line of street apparel, had been handed down to novices and lay sisters for their advancement in the love of Poverty and Mortification. Her arms filled with garments, she returned to the sick room, and while helping Sister Maureen to put them on, read her a little lecture of her own concoction on the danger of rushing into activity too rapidly after rising from a sickbed.

"Have no fears," said Sister Maureen joyously, "have no fears, my dear Infirmarian. I'll be as slow as a snail in getting back to work. But once I do get back in the race, watch my smoke. No more lying around for me, doing nothing." With a bright smile, and in the company of a dozen Sisters, she left the room — forever — at least so she hoped. Maybe it was mere fancy on the part of Sister Lawrence, or due to lack of sleep (she had been up late the night before on her infirmarian duties), but she thought that Christ hanging on the cross in the corner of the room was just a bit more haggard, and the face a bit more pained. She was one of those simple souls to whom is vouchsafed knowledge withheld from Solons and Socrates, and in her scale of values suffering held a far higher place than dashing about madly in the world making a dab here and a stroke there that very often were nothing other than the reflection of vanity, destined to fade almost before dry. She could not fathom why anyone should be so anxious to get out into a world that is filled with the fog and smoke of false and foolish promises, ambition, disappointments, sin. She sighed, and went about her work of preparing the sick room for its next patient.

Sister Maureen belonged to a teaching Order. Thus the first obligation that developed on her was to go to the University and procure the proper number of credits, which accomplishment would enable her to

hold the position of teacher in high school. Now the mere fact that she sought and secured credits was no special source of danger to her. If you like that sort of thing, credits are all right. They give a faculty a certain standing in the eyes of people, and parents are surely more likely to send their daughter to a school that can boast of a librarian having sixteen credits to her credit than to a school having an old-fashioned grammar teacher with no credits. Thus the mere fact of getting credits was something without danger. But the fact that she was tossed into a course on Comparative Philology was something with danger. Why she took it, I could never understand, for I could see no use for it. But the fact is, she did. And as the months flew by, and her mind became more stocked with roots and stems and all the stuff that is the backbone of Comparative Philology, she gradually began to believe that, perhaps, after all, there was something to her brain that was denied to other people. I won't say that she began to strut or swagger. But such trifles as meditation and common prayer and the reading of divine office became somewhat secondary. She could not get Comparative Philology out of her head. It found its way between every Psalm, inserted itself between every decade of the Rosary, became a running commentary during meditation. Certainly a thing that could occupy one's attention so completely must be very important, and so also, must be the person who busies herself in unravelling its intricacies.

The sad part of the whole affair was that her professors made much of her. She had a pretty face, and rosy cheeks, and it would not have been hard to imagine her on the screen taking the part of the White Sister or the Holy Nun. Besides, she was full of enthusiasm and vivacity, could do any amount of work on instant notice, and never seemed to tire. It was only natural that her professors should flatter her, tell her constantly how brilliant she was, and what a grand success she would be were she in the world, unloosed of rules and vows. Sister Maureen paid no attention to them at first. But their words, like the proverbial drop of water cutting the stone, eventually had their effect, and before her course was over, they were slowly but surely cutting into her simplicity and destroying it. What capped the climax was the sugared information that she was wasting her time where she was in that particular University, and that her place was at the State University listening to the lectures of the famous Professor So and So, who was the greatest living authority on Comparative Philology. She im-

mediately went home with the resolution to attend the State University the next semester.

But the superiors had other plans. They were wise with the wisdom of experience, and they were convinced that the State University was no place for anybody, much less for a nun. They told Sister Maureen so, and commanded her to put the notion from her head. She tried to do so, but the temptation persisted. And as she brooded over and pondered her plight, a new form began to take shape in her imagination, shadowy at first, but growing more solid as the days passed. She saw herself back in the world, her name blazoned across the pages of the intellectual periodicals, her picture shining from the newspapers, her reputation established as a world authority in her own particular branch. She knew that it was a temptation, but clung to it nevertheless, refusing to speak about it to anyone.

In the midst of all this turmoil of mind, the Superior of her Convent called her to her office one day. The burden of her message was the straw that broke the camel's back.

"Sister," she said, "we have been watching your progress at the University right along, and we feel proud that one of our Sisters should have won the respect of the professors in so eminent a degree. Your success, of course, brings honor to the whole Order. But we have decided that you have gone far enough in your work. There is need of a teacher in the little town of Pammola, and you are to go there at once and take charge of the third grade."

The blow was so overwhelming that Sister Maureen could not utter a word. She stumbled from the room bewildered and crushed. Gone now were her dreams of a great reputation, gone the mighty hopes of one day becoming famous. To teach the third grade after all her education! It couldn't be! It wouldn't be! After all, there was a limit to a superior's authority. She would make the Order regret that it had crushed genius in the bud. Going to her room, she packed the few belongings that she had, wrote a long note to the Superior, and then waited for the night.

Evening prayers were over, and the convent was silent as a church. The nuns had been in bed an hour before Sister Maureen put her plan into effect. Slowly taking off the habit of her Order—slowly and lovingly, for there clung to it all the poignant memories of the happiness of the Novitiate, of her first years in the religious life before her

sickness — slowly, lovingly taking it off, she put on in its stead the clothes of one of the Academy's boarding girls, which she had borrowed for the occasion. With one last look about the room that had been the scene of so much peace and joy, she tiptoed to the side door of the Convent. Her plan was to stay with friends until she could secure a position teaching in high school, or even a University, and meanwhile pursue her studies.

She got as far as the stairs. A strange constriction caught at her chest. She took one step down — another — still another. She paused, put her hand to her mouth, felt it warm and moist. Four steps — five. The door was just before her. She must unlock it quietly, quickly. There was no time to lose. Her hand reached out for the lock, touched it, withdrew. The constriction in her chest was growing stronger and stronger, the saliva in her mouth thicker and thicker. But was it merely saliva? A terrifying thought flashed across her mind. Could it be —? In a panic of fear she reached for her handkerchief, but before she could find it, a flood of blood rushed from her lips, and flowed over her borrowed clothes. Then all went black before her.

How it came about she did not know, but she awoke to find old Sister Lawrence, and only Sister Lawrence hovering over her.

"Now, isn't that too bad," she was saying, "isn't that too bad. To get a hemorrhage again when we thought that all that was over. But you just come with me, and in a month's time you'll be as sound as a rock." How strange, Sister Maureen thought. Not a word of reproach. No even a word about my appearance — not wearing the habit, dressed up like a woman of the world. How utterly strange. But she had not time to pursue her thoughts, for Sister Lawrence had her in her big arms, and was carrying her like a child back to the bed she had occupied for so many years. She was lying in it now as though she had just awoke from a terrible dream. Fear was again overshadowing her face, for God had once more come down and touched her — this time not her body, but her soul.

"Not a word now, about your little trip down the back steps," Sister Lawrence was saying, "not a word to anybody — except, perhaps, the priest. You're sorry for being so foolish, I'm sure you are. And it won't do any good to spread the news around. I watched you during the past couple of years, and I knew what was coming. I even knew what you had intended to do tonight. That was why I was around.

You're sorry and you are never going to be so silly again. It was a brain storm—that's what it was." With a big smile, she patted Sister Maureen on the head, and went about her work of making her comfortable. The hemorrhage had stopped.

Good Sister Lawrence! A great soul, a kind soul, if ever there was one! Her ways, I'm sure, were like the Master's ways, when He deigned to weep with Magdalene and say to the thief on the cross: "This day you will be in Paradise with me."

Well, Sister Maureen has been in bed six months now, and it seems she will remain there till the end. Her lungs are going fast, and each day is taking toll of her strength. But she is happy, happy as only one can be who hovered over the brink and was rescued just in time. Finally she has come to realize that her battle for souls is to be fought in bed, and her weapon, suffering. God wants it so. And I'm sure, the tramp of marching feet to angels' ears is unceasing—the tramping feet of those who by Sister Maureen's resignation are finding their way into the joys of heaven.

THE HALF-CYNIC

There are men, writes Father Joseph Farrell, who, without being quite cynics, have yet been cursed with a tendency to criticize, that has quite overborne any feebler tendency to admire that may have been originally a part of their intellectual outfit. They have an eye for blots, a nose for mistakes, an instinctive appreciation for weak points.

Let a book be nearly perfect,—yet they are engrossed with a sense of some little failure in good taste, which a kindlier critic might indeed see but scorn to notice. Place a hero before them,—before being a hero he had to be a man—and perhaps there was some human weakness that only endears his memory to more genial hearts; but what can the semi-cynic do but point the finger of scorn.

Even nature cannot satisfy him. Mountains are a little too high or a little too low. Scenery wants this or that to be quite perfect. Switzerland is overrated; it is never done raining in Killarney; Niagara is not within some few feet of being as high as people imagine, and so on. And the worst of it is that truth compels me to admit that they are usually correct from their own point of view—but all the same—what a detestable point of view!

THE KIBITZER

A close up view of one of the greatest of modern Catholic movements.

M. S. Bringazi, C.Ss.R.

I HAVE just finished kibitzing and now I am tired. Perhaps you think a kibitzer's life is an easy one; perhaps you regard it as a rather hazardous occupation. Well, I for one enjoyed it, worked at it, and hope to have the pleasure of kibitzing some more. But nevertheless I am glad the season is closed, — this kibitzer is a tired man.

And he is also curious to know what the editor is going to do to this when he sees it. You, kind reader, may see the results of a few idle moments — or you may never read these lines.

I have spent a good part of the past summer sitting on the side-lines, so to speak, watching four laymen's retreats which were held here in Oconomowoc in the Redemptorist Seminary. Sitting on the side-lines — when I was not rushing about "doing Martha's part" (as one of the men graciously remarked) in preparing the rooms for the retreatants, in attending to their wants and needs, and occasionally breaking into a conversation or answering questions or solving doubts or making explanations.

Do our Catholic men want to go to lay retreats? Will they make a retreat? How do they make their retreats? — Well, 145 men answered the first question by their presence at the retreats here this summer. The interest shown in the Retreat Convention recently held in Chicago and the sincere intentions of our retreatants to go out and interest others and bring them back in 1937; the fact that new retreatants show up every year — though many of them have records that go back ten, fifteen and even twenty years and not a few of the "first-timers" become repeaters here or elsewhere: the answer is, they will make retreats if they have the opportunity.

And how do they make them? Come and see. Sit with me on the side-lines, listen in on their earnest discussions of religious, spiritual and moral problems, especially during the open forum when they have the chance to express their doubts, offer objections, propose their own

solution of a problem. Oh how they enjoy that open forum; what profit they draw from it! Sometimes they come timidly, again boldly to ask advice of the Retreat-Master, or perhaps even the poor kibitzer as he wanders in and out among them.

Mr. N. went home and announced to his wife that he was going to make one of the retreats. "Why, Joe, you can't go; don't you remember what time that will be?" "No I don't remember, but I signed up for the retreat and I am going to make it." "But Joe, your birthday will come during the retreat and I had a surprise party planned for you, and I — what will we do?" Mr. and Mrs. got busy with the telephone and called off the *party*. Another, an inveterate fisherman, would not hear of the retreat until he learned that the retreat-house was situated on a lake. He packed his tackle in the back of the car and — he left it there while he made the retreat with great interest and profit because during the retreat he came back to the Church. The telephone in the seminary rang loud and long, as telephones will at one or two o'clock in the morning: "Is there a Mr. S—— there?" A check of the list of retreatants brought an affirmative answer. Mr. S—— was called to the phone to learn that a boy at home was seriously ill, but he stayed to finish the retreat because "I can do more to help him by my prayers here than by my presence at home." "Father, you know the only way I was able to get here for this retreat was by working extra and changing off with my boss on two Sundays."

Doctors, lawyers, farmers, salesmen, insurance brokers, bankers, sheriffs, politicians, congressmen, laborers; married and unmarried; young men and old — all mix in the retreats. They make friends, they learn something of the other fellow's difficulties; and the atmosphere of the retreat embraces them all, colors their relationships with one another. I admit that they do talk about their families, the education of their children — by the way, once a man made a retreat and went home with the sincere resolution of sending his boy, not to a public high school, but to a high school conducted by religious teachers — and they mix some baseball and a little shop. But the first purpose of all of them, as your kibitzer has had a fine chance to learn, is to make the retreat well.

Who says that men will not pray out loud and sing in church? If you want to see men pray, then make up your mind right now to join a group of retreatants. They not only attend the conferences in the

chapel and the Way of the Cross together and recite the Rosary after supper while walking slowly in procession over the seminary grounds, but many of them slip quietly into the chapel for a little private meditation, a chat with their Eucharistic God. This year when the drouth weighed so heavily on all, one group, led by their chairman, sacrificed a part of their afternoon rest to recite a Rosary in the chapel asking God for rain and also to bless their families at home: "Now that we are in the state of grace perhaps our prayers will be more powerful."

The kibitzer was looking over the list of retreatants. One of them came up to ask about a certain book. And then: "Father, what is the benefit of a retreat?" "Well, that is hard to say; there are many benefits." "Well what is the direct benefit of a retreat for a layman?" "You have made a mission, haven't you? Perhaps many of them?" "Certainly." "Well, a retreat is more personal. It is something like making an inventory, only more than just taking stock. It means finding out what kind of a man you have been and then laying plans for the future. A merchant who would take stock and then fail to cancel any order for that of which he already has a surplus or to buy what he needed would be a poor merchant, wouldn't he?" "Yes; I think that is a good explanation of it. A retreat is more personal."

A retreat is open to all Catholic men, converts as well as those born in the faith, and non-Catholics, too, if they wish, may come and be welcome. Of course, these latter could not receive the sacraments like the Catholic fellow-retreatants. They come in close contact with the priests and religious, they come closer to God and His Blessed Mother. They go away better men, they go away strengthened and encouraged.

And one tired kibitzer sits and hopes that he may have the opportunity again to meet them for their example is encouraging, stimulating to him and to his fellow priests who have the privilege of conducting these retreats.



"If I might give a message to young Catholic Americans I would stress the importance of Catholic education, particularly Jesuit training for young men. And since I prefer ladies who are ladylike, I think convent training is the thing for young women."

—Bing Crosby in *The Queen's Work*.

SUMMONED AT NOON

SANCTITY AMONG OUR YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN

**Maud—She Seemed Merely to Pass Through This World
On Her Way to Heaven**

Aug. T. Zeller, C.Ss.R.

AT THE age of sixteen, when all the world smiled on her childhood days, when the flowers bloomed and shed their fragrance under the warm rays of a June sun, Maud K. . . . herself a flower, herself a fragrance, herself a ray of sunshine, passed away. But, only to flower again in the garden of heaven whither the Lord called His well-beloved.

Richly endowed in every respect by heaven, Maud had the inestimable happiness of being born of parents who were admirable Christians. In this atmosphere of Faith, in the school of love of God and duty, of respect and attachment to religion, the years of her infancy were passed. These years leave their imprint on the rest of life. These precious ideas, strengthened and developed under the influence of the good schools she attended, became the principles of her actions, of her sentiments and of those lofty and generous aspirations of hers that hardly anyone at first suspected. For, whether it was from natural pride or simple humility, Maud was not given to speaking of herself and few were her confidants.

We pass over the days of her childhood and begin with her life at the boarding school at Gosselies, called "The Rosary." She was thirteen when she entered. As in grammar school so here, she was always among the first. Gifted by nature with intelligence above the average, she combined with it regular and sustained work. Her judgment was already surprisingly sure.

Boarding school offered her not only a good opportunity to prepare for life in a domestic, social and intellectual way, but also to work at the development and perfection of her character. "Duty" was the one big word for her. Responding to it brought out all her will-power and her tenacity of effort.

This showed itself in her studies. Manual work was not to her taste; art, likewise, despite her admiration for it. But, it was de-

manded of her, so she applied herself to these and succeeded as in everything else. "God wishes it; my parents want it; so, I'll go ahead; and cost what it may, I'll succeed." This was her motto; her tastes counted for little. To do things that please, to give oneself to studies that captivate, to follow an ideal that enthuses one, — all this is easy enough. To possess one's soul, however, in the midst of surroundings more or less sympathetic, to fulfill conscientiously duties that are monotonous and irksome, this reveals true greatness of soul. What energy must not she have used to keep herself calm and even agreeable while storms raged within her! What control over herself must not she have possessed in order to triumph over antipathies that she felt were reciprocal! And all this she went through with such simplicity and serenity that no one would have suspected these little dramas had she not confided them to her "Diary."

Sufferings were not wanting because of her delicate sensitiveness and her great tenderness of heart. Surrounded as she had been with affection and comfort at home and all that could charm youth, she suffered deeply away from home. The Master, it would seem, wanted to break this young life, and hence wanted it to come to flower in a short time.

Fortunately her habit, already formed, of subordinating all things to religious maxims and especially her love of God, already strong, making itself felt as the one object of her life, turned into something virile what otherwise would have been mere sentimentalism, and little by little introduced her into the path of renunciation and self-denial. Thus suffering far from closing up her heart, widened its radiance.

An incident that happened when Maud was fourteen exemplifies this strikingly. Her mother was suffering from a severe liver attack. Maud was disconsolate because, seeing her mother in dreadful agony, she was unable to do anything to help her. Suddenly she had an inspiration. Taking the Crucifix that hung on the wall, she presented it to her sick mother and pressed it to her lips, saying:

"Look, Mother, look and think of Jesus Crucified on Calvary! How He suffered, too!"

She wanted her mother to find support and comfort where she knew, from her own experience already, that comfort and courage could most surely be found.

She knew, as her diary reveals clearly, that the only foundation

for the spiritual life in which she was growing day by day was regular exercises of piety, a number of which she imposed on herself for daily use. In fact, whenever she joined her hands in prayer, before and after meals, before and after classes, morning and night and in the chapel, she was at once so wrapt in God that all else seemed to vanish completely. "She prayed like an angel," they said of her at the boarding school. "Her devotion seemed so enlightened," said another school-mate, "that I didn't hesitate to put my little troubles of conscience to her."

Like all ardent and pure souls she had a great devotion to our Blessed Mother. The Little Office of the Immaculate Conception was one of her favorite devotions and part of her daily rule of life. She was proud of her title of Child of Mary, and when at last admitted to the Sodality was wont to add "C. of M.," to her name, in letters to her friends.

But we shall let her talk for herself confidentially.

HER DIARY FOR 1927

Some quotations from her diary, which of course was not meant to be read by others, — will give us a good insight into her inner life. I must necessarily restrict myself considerably; one ought to read the entire.

"Feb. 7. Yesterday was visiting day. Hardly anyone of the pupils remained at the School; most of the pupils went home for a few hours. I spent much of the afternoon with Aunt Agnes, (a nun) and we had a pleasant chat. We talked freely and I brought her all my little confidences. It is such a comfort to confide in one who understands you perfectly.

"In the Tabernacle there is one who waits for us always — who is ready to fill us with consolations and graces — but we do not know Him enough. And yet, near that Divine Friend, who freely makes Himself the guest of our souls, one is never cast down.

"I had a little difficulty this noon. But, to bring a sacrifice to Jesus, I let nothing appear on my person so no one noticed it."

How naturally the thought of Our Lord comes to this thirteen year old girl! How ready she is to check her emotions for His sake!

"Feb. 8. . . . I want to do well everything I do — to sanctify the present moment. The future is in the hands of God and in Him we put complete trust. Isn't He the best and most tender of Fathers? The

sufferings He sends us (she was suffering from severe headaches) only tend to draw us closer to Him. I am afraid if I didn't have something to suffer I would not think often of Him.

"Since I am here at the Boarding School, I am beginning to check up on my personality, — and on what I could do, if I always had the courage.

"This afternoon we have sewing class; I want to spend two hours in silence for the poor soul in Purgatory that is farthest from heaven. I'd like to redeem them all and open heaven to them.

"Sister M. told us that we must do our duty not from compulsion nor to get a good note, but gladly and to please the Good God. What a noble motive! I want to try to remember this when I am tempted to disobey because no one sees me. . . .

"O Jesus, I offer you all my little sufferings for those who know You not and for those in far distant lands who have not as yet heard of You. You are the best of friends and brothers."

Feb. 9. I suffer a great deal from cold; then I think of St. Therese, the Little Flower, and I do not complain. Like her, I offer my little suffering for the missionaries in lands where the extreme heat harasses their apostolate. Like her, I am too sensitive and cry over futile little things. I'll try to correct myself."

Again she writes on a day when everything went wrong, — a bad note, a reprimand, a difficult companion at table who gave her many chances to practice patience:

"My Jesus, give me a little strength; remember that this morning I offered myself for all those who do not know You. I want to say my rosary every day in honor of Your Divine Mother. At times I feel as if I were in His arms, and that I trample under foot all the miseries of earth. Therefore, O Jesus, I want to be cheerful despite all; I want to rise to You, who reach out Your arms to me. While You were on earth You said: He who will come after Me, let him take up his cross and follow Me.

"You know well, O Jesus, that You are the only object of my life and that the day will come when I shall consecrate myself entirely to You. May Your holy Will be done on earth as it is in heaven. In heaven the angels are attentive to Your will and obey it gladly, promptly, without delay.

"I have an ideal, a dream of beauty, and You, O Jesus, alone can

fulfill this need. My soul thirsts for an unalloyed happiness and the accomplishment of Your will alone can satisfy it."

This, remember, is a fourteen year old girl writing. We cannot help marveling at the depth of spirituality revealed in these her intimate thoughts, — thoughts expressed so naturally that we feel they are part of herself, — the web and woof of her character.

"Feb. 14. For two days now I have a headache that will not yield; today, however, it is not so bad. O my God, I offer it in expiation of my faults. I would wish to die young in order to go to see You in heaven, — but I want to do Your will. I want to break my own will to place myself in Your hands, so that You may fashion me, purify me in the crucible of suffering. I suffer much at this very moment, more morally even than physically."

Here we have some of the first references to those dreadful headaches that later proved the symptoms of her fatal disease. And it would seem that she had a presentiment now that death would not tarry long. But we cannot help noticing as her sufferings increased how her union with the Will of God was perfected.

"Feb. 28. The headache never ceases. As soon as a lesson is anyway difficult my head seems bound in a vise. Others do not understand, — they do not know, — they even seem to blame my sufferings on myself. Only Sister N. and C. understand. I hardly have the courage to begin my duties, — and still, I know I must. O Jesus, I love You, I wish to console You with my love and patience. Help me!"

Her thoughts, as we would almost expect, considering her intensely spiritual outlook and life, turned toward the Religious Life. Under date of June 10, we find this entry:

"We are head over heels in work. So much the better, — there is no time to grow weary.

"I often think of the words of the extraordinary confessor we had the last time. I asked him whether one might pray for a religious vocation. He answered: 'Why certainly; and note that the more religious there are, the better things are for the world and for yourself. Remember, that the call of God ordinarily comes very simply; you need not wait for apparitions or visions. . . . All that is extraordinary and amounts to little.' . . . One dreams. . . ."

Yes, she was beginning to dream. But, as she often says, — "the future is in the hands of God. He will conduct me wither He wills."

THE NEW SCHOOL YEAR

In the beginning of the new school year, 1927-1928, she writes:

"Oct. 10. A new school year has begun. I am now in the third year, and after that I shall be finished here . . . unless later . . . but we must not anticipate. The future is in the hands of God. He will lead me whither He pleases. He knows better than I do what is necessary for me.

"Last week we had our annual retreat. Here are my resolutions: 1) To accept all as coming from the hand of God. 2) To combat my pride by humbling myself. 3) To obey regulations gladly because this is my duty and obedience forms character." — Her entries for the day end thus: "The greatest grace for which I ask the Good God always is that of a religious vocation. Oh yes, my God, take me into the bosom of a convent all for Thyself!"

On Oct. 15, she writes: "Feast of the great St. Theresa. What a beautiful motto was hers: 'Either to suffer or to die!' I am not generous enough — I must fight my sensitiveness more energetically and if it doesn't always go according to my wishes, to say nothing of it except to the Good God. It is He who permits all our weariness in order to give us means to sanctify ourselves. He knows well what we are capable of."

She had the humility of all really holy people: never once did she overlook a fault in herself; yet never was she cast down by them; they served only to drive her with more ardent prayer and confidence into the arms of Our Lord.

On Nov. 23, 1927, she was fifteen. That Christmas she went home for a three weeks' vacation. What a joy that was for her we can see from this very human entry for Christmas Day:

"Now I am home for three weeks. How good it feels to be petted and spoiled a little! My God, I thank you for having given me such good parents!"

VACATION — 1928

Her parents had lofty ideas for Maud: her mother expected her to become a great musician; her father, a woman of culture. It was decided that in the Fall of 1928 she should go to Germany to complete her education. By way of compensation for having to leave home, they made the summer vacation of that year a real experience for their daughter. She had grown thin at school, developed a cough, and the

doctor declared that "repose, tonics and the fresh air of the sea would quickly restore her."

On Aug. 10, we find her writing in her diary: "We have been at the sea for ten days. I am very well pleased. The country is beautiful; the seashore grand. . . . From my room I see on one side countless salt-marshes, on the other the beautiful coast line. Time passes quickly. Every day we go to the beach, — there are crowds there. I amuse myself watching the children building castles, not in Spain, but in the sand. This reminds me of my childhood. . . . I see myself with Odette and Jeanne digging in the sand. How long ago that seems! . . ."

Evidently Maud could enjoy herself thoroughly; still, she was spiritually so well balanced that laughter and prayer were very near each other and an unexpected pleasure would make her think of God. He always shared in her hikes, — if there was a church within reach. Thus for Aug. 22, we find her reflecting in her diary:

"It is raining out, and still the blue sky is visible. Isn't this an image of the manner in which a soul ought to conduct itself under trials, — suffering bravely, even joyfully without letting itself be troubled by the clouds that pass away themselves, but which are a source of merit when we suffer with the serenity of children of a God infinitely good and just."

THE LAST STEP: OCTOBER, 1928 — JUNE, 1929

As the vacation drew to an end the thought of going to Germany once more began to trouble Maud. She did not wish to go; but her parents wanted it; the old sense of duty asserted itself again and settled her indecision. September 10 she confides to her diary:

"The sacrifice is accepted; in a month I leave for Koenigstein in the Taunus, where the Ursuline Sisters have a boarding school. It is about sixty miles from Frankfort. I can therefore spend my free days with my Aunt Ciska, who lives in that city. That is why my parents decided for Koenigstein: I won't be so lonely. My health is good. I've gained a pound or two and I do not feel so fatigued."

She caught a cold almost the first day she spent at Koenigstein; but that was only a slight trial for this little girl from Paris, compared with the homesickness that came over her. The very first day, Oct. 18, she writes in her diary: "I am homesick as I have never been before."

The beauty of the surrounding country soon impressed her. Day after day her diary brings descriptions of the Rhine, the winding val-

leys, the hills crowned with historic castles. Ever and again she reveals how close her spirit is to God. Thus on Oct. 28, we read:

"Our soul ought to be like a candle burning itself out before the Tabernacle. The whiteness of the candle symbolizes purity of heart; the flame, our ardent love of God and the neighbor; the brightness, the radiance of virtue, — that is, the good example we give or at least ought to give to those around us. The candle burns itself out before the Tabernacle just as our life, which is consecrated to God, unfolds itself before the eyes of God."

Her schoolmates here were all German girls and older than herself; they treated her more or less like a baby and often made her the butt of their fun. No wonder then that on Nov. 1, she writes:

"All Saints. Those whom I have lost: my grandmother, my Jesuit uncle, and all those whom I have not known . . . do you see me? Do you see this heart so sensitive that it bleeds, — and how? Here I am alone with no one in whom I might confide. No one understands me. Well, it is better thus. Jesus, — He is always there. Even now, just returned from confession in the parish church, I entered our chapel suffused in semi-darkness. A few kneeling forms were hardly discernible before the altar in the trembling rays of the Perpetual Light. The presence of the Divine Prisoner makes itself felt in this silence, in this recollection, with rare intensity. With what love, strong and powerful, Jesus loves us! Can we think that He does not often recall the coldness, indifference, forgetfulness, not to say outrages with which men repay this continual immolation of Himself?

"That is Your lot, O Jesus! And You accepted it in advance! Shall I complain of suffering a little when my Savior is so persecuted? Pardon, O my God, for others and for myself!"

By November 4 she was so deep in her studies that she could say: "Things are going better already and one is so occupied that there is no time to be weary." She began to like the motherly care of the Sisters; occasional visits with her aunt at Frankfort pleased her; success attended her efforts in her studies. Her health, too, seemed to improve. At Christmas she could write home: "They say I am growing taller and stouter. Really, I weigh about 112 pounds, whereas in September I weighed only about 100. Mamma will be happy to know I am so well. But that doesn't keep me from counting the days till I return home. What will you have, — the pleasures of the world never will make me

happy anymore. I kiss you a thousand times."

After the Christmas vacation, which she spent at Frankfort with her aunt, she accuses herself in her diary, with that delicacy common to holy souls:

"Jan. 11, 1929. The Christmas vacation is long past and the second semester is well under way. I am somewhat grieved about my stay at Frankfort. Alas, I went to Communion only once and did not think so much of the Good God. It has even taken some time to put me back again; My good Jesus, how lightminded I am! And then to say, O my amiable Master, that I dream of serving You all my life! I have forsaken You and have done little more than I had to. Pardon me, my Jesus; I have done no evil, but I have neglected the good. I want to do better, and above all, I want to arm myself for the struggles to come. Give me Your grace, my Jesus!"

Two days later she writes to her parents: "Yes, my dear parents, the Christmas vacation was very, very pleasant at Frankfort; but still, I am glad to be back again to a more orderly life. That is good enough for a few days,—but for always,—no, no, thanks. There is no foundation to it."

In March she made her Retreat at the School. The following were the resolutions which she entered into her diary:

"1) To work at my character: to be humble and gentle with all, without exception. 2) To receive Holy Communion every time I assist at Mass,—every day if possible. 3) Never to fail with my tongue (repeating gossip or secrets, judging rashly). 4) To make a short spiritual reading every evening if possible. 5) Lastly, with all my will, I want to apply myself with perseverance to the practice of Particular Examen.

"My Jesus, bless these resolutions of Your child! Jesus, meek and humble of heart, make my heart like unto Thine."

HER DEATH: JUNE 19, 1929

At Pentecost her Father came for a visit. Maud was deeply attached to her father, and her happiness is mirrored in her diary (May 22): "We spent three delightful days in Frankfort. It was beautiful but too short. I was so happy with him! He was good to me, my Papa, and I never let go his hand!"

One evening, just ten days later, Maud was about to begin her music lesson, when she complained of a violent headache. Headaches

had been habitual to her since her days at Gosselies; we have seen frequent references to them in her diary. But she never said much about them so as not to disturb her parents. This must have been an unusual pain that she complained of it. The Sister at once realized it too, and ordered the girl to bed. The next day the fever rose so rapidly that a doctor was called. He admitted that he could not diagnose the case, but gave what relief he could. Several days passed and Maud's condition only grew worse. Her relatives were notified and came. Specialists were called in,—and though all recognized the case as serious, they were baffled and could not definitely determine the nature of the disease.

Spells of delirium had already set in when her father and mother arrived. No one as yet thought of death. As soon as Maud saw her mother, she said:

"Mamma, Mamma, why are you crying? Why are you so sad?" The mother tried to master her feelings and replied:

"My dear Maud, I am going to take care of you. When you are better we shall go to the country and the seashore, and then to Paris. We won't ever part again." Maud listened smiling. Suddenly she began to talk with frightening volubility, incoherent phrases that none understood. Mother and father tried to calm her. The doctors said: "Keep her absolutely quiet; sleep, sleep will save her."

So there was still hope as Maud now fell into a motionless coma. Her mother placed the Miraculous Medal to her lips, saying: "O Mary, conceived without sin. . . ." With an effort the girl murmured: "Pray . . ."—she could not finish. When asked whether she suffered, she shook her head. The nurse tried to give her medicine to drink; she turned her head away. So her mother offered her the glass saying: "Maudy, drink a little bit . . . just to please me." Immediately, with great suffering the girl tried to do it, and then murmured: "See, Mother!"

She embraced her father and mother and then lapsed into silence and night from which she never awoke.

"Goodnight, my Jesus, I go to sleep trusting in the protection of my crucifix which extends its bleeding arms over Your sleeping child." Thus had she written in her diary.



There can be nobility in failure when the cause itself is great.

Quadragesimo Anno

THE ENCYCLICAL: THE FORTIETH YEAR

Translation and Comment by R. J. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

These two aspects of human labor, impressed upon it as they are by nature herself, give rise to important consequences regarding the regulation and determination of wages.

Three points to be considered

And first of all, the workingman must be paid a wage sufficient to enable him to provide for the support of himself and his family.

The other members of the family, assuredly, should contribute to its support according to their individual ability, — such as is, in fact, the practice in rural families and also among many artisans and small merchants; but at the same time, it is seriously wrong to abuse the tender years of childhood or the frailty of women. Mothers of families have their primary duties at home, about the house, taking care of the home life of the family. It is therefore an intolerable abuse, and one that must be abolished at any cost, when mothers of families are forced

First: Support of workingman and family

by the insufficiency of the husband's wages to leave home and turn into wage-earners, to the neglect of tasks and duties that are most particularly their own, — above all, that of rearing their children. Every effort must therefore be made to assure fathers of families such wages as will enable them to meet with ease the ordinary needs of family life. If under the existing industrial conditions this cannot always be done, social justice demands that reforms be introduced without delay to guarantee every adult worker just such a wage. — In this connection, We must speak a word of well-deserved praise for those who have started those wise and successful movements by which wages are proportioned to family needs; that is, wages are made to increase accordingly as the family grows; or, if necessary, even special provision is made for special needs.

* * *

QUESTIONS ABOUT "THE FORTIETH YEAR"

Speaking of how a workingman's wages should be enough to support himself and his family, what does Pius XI do?

Five things: first, admits that wives and children should do their bit to help support the family, but add that the work must not be too strenuous for them; *secondly*, states that a mother's main occupation is at home, with domestic duties, and that it is an "intolerable abuse" if she is forced to neglect these duties in order to go out and work; *thirdly*, demands that the husband's wages alone be sufficient to meet ordinary domestic needs; *fourthly*, demands that if this is impractical under existing conditions, reforms should be introduced to make it practical; *fifthly*, speaks a word of commendation for attempts already made in this direction.

What, then, can be said to be the Church's stand on child and woman labor?

According to what Pius XI says here, the Church does not absolutely condemn child and woman labor, but allows it under certain conditions: 1) if the labor does not exceed their strength; 2) if a mother's home duties do not suffer; 3) if special family needs — such as sickness that brings special debts, etc. — demand it.

What do the American Bishops, in their "Program of Social Reconstruction," say about woman labor?

The Bishop's Statement was issued shortly after the end of the World War, and treats woman labor under the heading: "Women War Workers." The pertinent statements are: "One general principle is clear: No female worker should remain in any occupation that is harmful to health or morals. . . . Another general principle is that the proportion of women in industry ought to be kept within the smallest practical limits. . . . Those women who are engaged at the same tasks as men should receive equal pay for equal amounts and qualities of work."

What do they say about child labor?

"Public opinion in the majority of our states has set its face inflexibly against the continuous employment of children in industry before the age of sixteen years. Within a reasonably short time all of our states, except some stagnant ones, will have laws providing for this reasonable standard. The education of public opinion must continue, but inasmuch as the process is slow, the abolition of child labor in certain sections seems unlikely to be brought about by the legislators of those states, and since the Keating-Owen act has been declared unconstitutional there seems to be no device by which this reproach to our country can be removed except that of taxing child labor out of existence." Note that the American bishops, by speaking of "our states," seem to favor rather legislation by the separate states in this matter than legislation by the federal government; the federal government to act only when the states fail in their duty.

If an employer fails to pay the husband a wage sufficient by itself to support the whole family under ordinary circumstances, is the employer bound to make restitution?

Yes; this is the Pope's doctrine, the teaching of many Catholic authorities, and the evidence of common sense; the "family wage," that is, is due in commutative justice.

What if an employer is the victim of the economic situation as well as the working man, and simply cannot pay a family wage?

In that case, he is in the same plight as a man who has not enough money to pay his debts in full; he need pay only what he can—but meantime, should cooperate in movements for the "reforms" to be spoken of directly. If, however, his business should become prosperous one of his first obligations is to make this restitution of back pay to his employees.

How is it "the Pope's doctrine" that a family wage is a matter of commutative justice?

This can be shown both from "the Fortieth Year" and from the encyclical on marriage, "Chaste Wedlock." It is the doctrine of the "Fortieth Year," as can be seen if the teaching of this section on "a just wage" is placed alongside that of a later section in Chapter Three, on "Remedies for present economic evils." In this section on "a just wage" Pius XI openly and vigorously asserts that a just wage is a family wage; to find out what he means by "just"—whether commutative or social justice only—we look up the later section on "remedies" where he states: "the mutual relations between capital and labor must be regulated according to the laws of the strictest commutative justice, supported, however, by Christian charity;" and since practically speaking the main "mutual relation between capital and labor" is that of wages, it is evident that his doctrine may be stated thus:

"A family wage must be regulated according to the laws of the strictest commutative justice supported, however, by Christian charity." In "Chaste Wedlock" to which reference is made in a footnote, Pius XI states: "So in the first place an effort must be made to obtain that which Our Predecessor Leo XIII of happy memory has already required, namely, that in the State such economic and social methods be set up as will enable every head of a family to earn as much as, according to his station in life is necessary for himself, his wife, and for the rearing of his children, for the 'laborer is worthy of his hire.' To refuse this, or to make light of what is equitable is a grave injustice, and is placed among the greatest sins by Holy Writ. Nor is it right to fix such a scanty wage as will be insufficient for the upkeep of the family in the circumstances in which it is placed."

But does not Pius XI say in this very section that "social" justice demands a family wage?

Not exactly; Pius XI says that social justice demands that reforms be introduced to make it possible for employers to pay a family wage; but commutative justice demands that a family wage actually be paid.

How do "Catholic authorities" prove that the family wage is due in commutative justice?

They use the argument of common sense which is this: Nature, and Nature's God, gave a man his powers to labor—his skill of hand and gifts of mind—not only as a means of supporting himself, but also as a means of founding and raising a family. A man's working powers, therefore, have a family value; if a price is put upon him, it must be a family price; and anything less than a family price paid for a man's labor is an unjust price that demands restitution.

What do other Catholic authorities say about a family wage?

The "code of Catholic Social Principles" of Malines, No. 136 declares: "A living wage comprising the subsistence of the working man and his family with sufficient wage to protect them against the hazards of accident, sickness, old age, and unemployment is the minimum wage due in justice from the employer." And the American bishops in their "Program of Social Reconstruction," declare: "After all, a living wage is not necessarily the full measure of justice. All the Catholic authorities on the subject declare that this is only the *minimum* of justice. In a country as rich as ours, there are very few cases in which it is possible to prove that the worker would be getting more than that to which he has a right if he were paid something in excess of this ethical minimum."

What "reforms" can be introduced to make a family wage practical?

They may be divided into private and public reforms: Although taking men as they are, all private reforms will need at least the backing of public or government action—i.e., legislation or even profound reform of social institutions. The private reforms consist in action by private business firms for the formation of funds out of which large families can receive additional income,—such as will be described hereafter. As to the public reforms necessary, several have been already suggested or put into practice. (1) Dr. John A. Ryan suggests a general reduction of the rate of interest at least on bonds, to a maximum of 2%; thus he says, side by side with the reduction of interest which is capital's share of the profits of business, wages, which is labor's share, will automatically rise. (2) Father Coughlin, the radio priest, makes what amounts to the same proposal when he urges that the rate of interest on loans be reduced and that with this in view, the United

States government take back its proper function of coining money and controlling credit. (3) The National Industrial Recovery Act, or the National Recovery Administration (N.R.A.) should be perfected and brought into harmony with the constitution of the United States, or the Constitution should be amended to admit the formation of a new N.R.A.; for even under the old imperfect N.R.A., wages did approach a family level. (4) Even more fundamental, steps should be taken toward amending the constitution with a view to having it correspond in an organic corporate manner to the actual organic, social and economic structure of modern society. This last point will be explained in Part Five of this Chapter Two: "The Reconstruction of the Social Order."

What about the attempts already made to have wages increase as the family grows?

Pius XI has reference here to what are known as "family allowances." In 1875 the great French Catholic industrialist, Leon Harmel, began the movement by instituting a fund from his own resources out of which he supplied a weekly allowance to those families in his employ who needed it. His plan was successful, and many employers in France followed his example. Thirty years later it was enlarged and perfected by the formation of "Federations of Employers," each employer paying a tax into a pool, out of which the allowances were paid. In 1926 there were in France alone 176 of these pools, with 11,200 member firms; they were existent also in 27 other countries, but Great Britain and the United States are far behind in this respect. In January, 1932, the Governments of France and Belgium made the payment of these family allowances obligatory. The allowance itself covers roughly $\frac{1}{3}$ the expense of child rearing, and lasts until the child is 12 or even 16 years old; the government in France allows almost twice as much for the fourth child and those following as for the first. The total figures are astounding: the amount expended yearly in France alone is said to be 900 million francs, distributed among $\frac{2}{3}$ of all the wage-earners in the country.

What about the "special provision for special needs?"

By "special provision for special needs" Pius XI means the various kinds of insurance provided by employers for their employees—sickness, old age, and unemployment insurance. Note that the recent U. S. "Social Security Bill" deserves the praise given here by the Pope to these attempts—even though it appeared five years after "The Fortieth Year"; for it is not so much a matter of government actually supplying the insurance, as government performing its proper function of urging and aiding and commanding private business to do its duty by its employees.

Are these "family allowances," etc., to be considered as merely a bonus, given out of the good feeling of the employer without any strict claim on the part of the working man?

Not at all; they are a part of a just wage, due in commutative justice, at least in many cases. They are a practical way of meeting a practical difficulty, namely: how determine in practice, just what is a family wage for a given workman? Should a single man get as much as a married man with a large family, etc.?

What does the "Code of Social Principles" of Malines say about family allowances and social insurance?

This document, perhaps the most authoritative universal Catholic social pronouncement in the world after the Papal Encyclicals, has this to say in its No.

137: " . . . a) the institution called 'family allowances' has made happy progress in recent years. It should be seen to that these allowances are incorporated into all contracts, both individual and collective, between employers and employees, (b) The legal control of social insurance is likewise gaining ground. It is imperative that it become universal and that the insurance remain preferably a business matter; that is the insurance funds should be supplied and managed jointly by the employers and employees in each trade or profession under the control and with the support of public authority."

LACK OF ZEAL

Too many lay Catholics, writes John Moody in *Truth*, seem to go through life tacitly assuming that if a man is not a Catholic he never will be one. Even if he shows active interest and asks questions, their impulse is to "change the subject" as quickly as possible. This is not true of all, but it is true of too many.

From personal experience I know this to be so. Years ago, long before I became a Catholic, I was "interested," and on more than one occasion mentioned this fact to Catholic friends, expecting at least a little interest to be shown in so startling an admission. Not that I ever wished to engage in controversy or argument. What I was looking for was a little urging from Catholics to look further into the matter. But I do not remember that any lay Catholic to whom I ever broached the subject, displayed any particular interest, or seemed anxious to help me. They usually would say something like this: "That's interesting; I'm glad to hear it"—and then talk of something else. Perhaps some of them would answer a few questions, but I always got the impression that they did not take me seriously.

Only one man ever made the concrete suggestion. "Go and talk to a priest." But I knew no priests, was naturally diffident about approaching a priest in "cold turkey" style; and my friend did not volunteer to put me in touch with one. Another Catholic told me to "see a Jesuit." But he knew no Jesuits and neither did I. Moreover, having imbibed in earlier life the notion that all Jesuits are "dangerous" (a Protestant obsession), this advice set me back a little. But I now am sure that if some Catholic friend had volunteered to put me in touch with a priest, my approach to the Church would have been greatly accelerated. As it was, I simply went on laboriously reading myself into the Faith, which took a long period of time. The first priest I ever spoke to in my life was the one who received me into the Church.

Catholic Anecdotes



AUTHORITY OVER KINGS

Louis XVI was twenty years old when he ascended the throne of France. At the end of his first Lent as King, he remarked:

"I have passed this Lent easily enough, but I shall have more merit next year."

"How so, sire?" asked a courtier.

"Because," answered the King, "this year I have had only the merit of abstinence, and next year I shall have that of fasting, for I shall then be twenty-one."

"Fasting, sire!" exclaimed the courtier. "That is incompatible with your occupation and dignity. After your hours of work you will go hunting, and how can you fast without injuring your health?"

"Hunting," replied the monarch, "is only an amusement. I can change my recreation if necessary. Pleasure should always yield to duty."

During the following Lent, though the King joined in the chase, he also fasted. His officers would argue with him about it, and one day one of them made the remark that it was not what entered the mouth that defiled the soul and that therefore there was no need of fasting. The King, still fervent and sincere, answered:

"Sir, it is not simply eating meat that defiles the soul, but it is disobedience to lawful authority. The whole question is, whether Christ gave to His Church the power to command, and impose on her children the obligation to obey. The Catechism answers in the affirmative, 'He that will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican.'"

SUPREME CONFIDENCE

A delightful story is told of St. Joseph Cottolengo, the "saint of Divine Providence." One day the director of the large hospital Cottolengo had built, without a penny to begin on, came to him in distress, and informed him that the entire fortune of the establishment consisted

in one small coin, and that unless more money were soon forthcoming, they would be unable to procure food and the other necessities.

St. Joseph calmly asked that whatever was left in the treasury be brought to him. The director left the room, and returned soon with a single coin. The saint seized the piece of money, and to the intense astonishment and dismay of his companion, threw it out of the open window.

"There," he said, with a smile, "I have sent it out to gather together a good many others like itself, and send them to me."

It wasn't long after that a rich benefactor called and left a large sum of money for the hospital.

WHAT MATTERS DISTANCE?

It was a warm, sultry Sunday morning in the Island of Jamaica, West Indies, writes a missionary in the *Stigmata*, and I had left the path that led to the priest's house and had turned my pony into the white highway skirting the sea. Five milestones had to be passed before I reached my little church.

"Fader," a voice called, "Fader, what time is Communion Mass?"

I stopped the carriage, and a negro youth about eighteen years of age approached. I had seen him at various times in my little church, but he had always disappeared before I had a chance to speak with him.

"Are you going to Holy Mass?"

"Yes, Fader. Am I too late?"

"Are you walking to Montego Bay?"

"Yes, Fader."

"How far have you walked already?"

"From over the mountain, eight miles back."

"You are walking thirteen miles to Holy Mass?"

"Yes, Fader, and I am fasting for Holy Communion."

"Do you intend to walk back home today?"

"Yes, Fader."

I beckoned the boy to climb into the seat beside me. As my pony jogged away I tried to recover from the excited condition which took possession of me as that little colored boy, unknowingly, manifested his love for the Blessed Sacrament. Twenty-six miles on foot, and on a hot tropical day, to hear Holy Mass and receive Holy Communion.

Pointed Paragraphs

SPAIN'S WARRING FORCES

There is a great deal of confusion in the popular mind about the various contending forces taking part in the bloody revolution in Spain. The *Catholic Review* of Baltimore sums up the matter in a series of enlightening questions and answers as follows, to which we add further comment in parentheses:

1. Who are the Loyalists or Leftists in the revolution in Spain? The Loyalists or Leftists constitute the present party or "government" which is trying to rule Spain. (The government on the left comprises the following factions: The Popular Front or Left Republicans led by Azana, representing a radical and anti-clerical section of the bourgeoisie, dominated by Freemasonry, seeking a state monopoly on education and a redistribution of land and wealth; the Spanish Socialists, who control the general union of workers, divided into those who want a peaceful growth of socialism and those who are really communistic; the Communist Faction, seeking to overthrow capitalism by any means; the Anarcho-Syndicalists, who believe only in violence worse than that in Russia and are responsible for the recent bloody orgies.)

2. Who are the Rightists? The Rightists are the Loyal Catholics who are trying to gain religious freedom. (The Rightists are the "Rebels" of the present revolution, because they are fighting against the anti-clerical, socialistic, communistic forces in power. The Rightists are divided into the Integrist, ardent Catholics indifferent to the form of government but basing their program on Papal Encyclicals; the Monarchists, who want a king and constitution, some of whom are followers of Don Carlos and his descendants, others of whom are loyal to Alphonse XIII; the Republicans, who want a progressive and tolerant republican form of government; and the Fascists, led by Primo de Rivera, who want to do in Spain what Mussolini did in Italy.)

3. Who are backing the Leftists or Loyalists? The Loyalists are being supported by Soviet Russia. It is the Communistic element among the Leftists that is responsible for the burning of churches, killing of priests, outraging of nuns, etc.

4. What were the mediate and immediate causes of the rebellion? The mediate cause was the campaign of murder, fire and robbery for which the Leftists are responsible. The immediate cause was the kidnapping and murder of Calvo Sotello, one of the leaders of the Rightists. The Leftists are enemies of freedom of religion, freedom of speech, freedom of the press.

5. What are the Rightists fighting for in the rebellion? They are fighting for fundamental human rights, and for the salvation of their country from the Soviet-backed Communists, who are now in control of the government.

6. Which party do the lovers of human rights wish to win? The Rightists or Rebels.

WHY CENSORSHIP?

The exercise of censorship over the reading of youth is a difficult thing in this liberty loving age. There are too many who think that even children should be allowed to read anything, whatever the harm or error into which they may fall. There are too many who are indifferent, until the harm is done, when the indifference changes into lamenting and wailing. Brother Leo, well known literary critic, gives some excellent advice on the subject to those who need it:

Should there be no censorship of children's reading? Of course there should. We don't feed strong meat to babies. Neither do we feed them poison. I think there are three classes of books which should be kept away from high school students.

First, books which would probably over stimulate in an evil way the emotions of young readers. Many modern novels, for instance, have a sex mania and present detailed erotic pictures. The Catholic can say only one thing about them and that is that they are bad books since they constitute a near occasion of sin.

Secondly, books which advocate an anti-Catholic philosophy of life and which are beyond the capacity of a young reader to wrestle with and answer. They may do him no harm some years hence, but just now they constitute a bad influence. Ever so many readers, including young readers, practically assume that if they cannot dispose of the wrong philosophy, then the wrong philosophy is right!

In indicating these two classes of undesirable reading I believe I

am following the example and the spirit of Mother Church. She puts on her index (1) Manifestly salacious books, and (2) books which are probable to endanger the faith of immature readers of whatever age.

Thirdly, books which are ugly, poorly written and conceived in a spirit of vulgarity. In the narrow sense this may not always be a matter of morals or of faith, but it certainly is a matter of education. What is tawdry, commonplace, banal, repulsive is so much cultural poison. A badly-written book — even if it be written on the Angel Gabriel, is a bad cultural influence.

A CHALLENGING PROGRAM

Bishop Bernard J. Sheil of Chicago will go down in history as one of the outstanding campaigners for the salvation of youth in modern times. In word and action he has aroused our generation to a realization of the problems of youth and has set the pace for all our leaders. At the National Catholic Charities Convention recently held in Seattle, he gave one of the outstanding speeches in behalf of youth, and ended by outlining the following program:

First: Let us begin by recognizing the difficulties with which young people are surrounded and bend our strength to saving them from error and immorality and the savage arms of the God-hating foes.

Second: Let us bring to our young people a sincere love and tender understanding.

Third: Let us draw the shy, temptation-surrounded, imperilled boys and girls to us with those things which are of interest to youth: athletics, dramatics, the whole complete recreational program.

Fourth: When we have drawn them, let us treat them as the enemies do, as young apostles who can be inspired to work for Christ and His Church.

Fifth: Let us not in our absorption in our economically under-privileged, forget those other under-privileged in our public schools. We have a duty to them.

Sixth: Our privileged in our schools must be given a program that will make them real leaders, able to talk about their faith and translate their classroom theory into the practice of their lives.

Seventh: We will be very wise if we use the privileged boys and girls in the service of the under-privileged boys and girls — to the improvement of both groups.

Eighth: It seems we must meet the problem of youth's aversion to labor and re-teach, first; the theory of the dignity of toil, and second; the practice of technical crafts. The white-collar craving is an unhealthy product of an artificial generation.

Ninth: We will be wise if we find out what organizations are really serving youth, what programs are offered for youth, and then accept and use for ourselves those which can help us make our organization better and our young people real leaders.

Tenth: The parish must remain always the logical center of a youth movement. If there are good youth organizations in the parish and the school, the diocese will have no trouble with its young people.

Eleventh: And above all, we must constantly re-dedicate our young people to the love of Christ, the tender affection of Mary, to God the Holy Ghost, who dwells in their hearts. We are making the greatest mistake if we fail to credit our young people with ideals, unselfishness, and a responsive willingness to follow our lead in difficult and healthy spiritual things. They will rise as high as we lead them.

NOTHING BUT LEISURE

"How, given his present conceptions of leisure-using, would man employ the vast tracts of leisure placed at his disposal if he were assured of comfort and an economic competence in return for four or five hours machine minding a day?"

The answer to this question was given in a word picture painted by the modern philosopher, C. E. M. Joad, in one of the articles of the series called "Is Man Improving?" which ran in *Scribner's* some months ago. The picture is as follows:

"To answer this question, we must, I think, envisage a world in which whatever land is left over from cultivation is covered with a network of golf courses, tennis courts, or whatever kind of ground the popular game of the future demands. The world's roads will be covered by a solid mass of automobiles welded together in a stationary and inextricable jam. Its coastlines will be ringed with a continuous series of resorts, at which jazz bands will discourse negroid music to tired sportsmen. A deluge of news, carefully chewed in order not to excite thought and warranted not to arouse comment, will descend upon the defenseless heads of the community by every device of television and telephotony

that the science of the future may have been able to perfect. Man, 'improved' scientifically out of all proportion to his spiritual 'improvement', will rush to embrace all manner of esoteric creeds and cults in the vain endeavor to find sustenance for his starved soul. Women will follow great white masters into the desert. . . . Ultimately, unless man's knowledge of living can rise to the level of his 'improved' means of life, he will be driven to make existence hard, adventurous, even dangerous again in despair of making it tolerable without the hard labor to which he has been accustomed."

This picture is based by the philosopher on the dominance of three present conceptions of leisure-using. 1) Reliance on entertainment. Man has improved so little in the art of entertaining himself, that he has to hire others to do it for him. Hence leisure is looked on as an occasion for spending money. 2) The ideal of movement, preferably rapid, in the surprisingly humble belief that any place is better than the place in which he happens to be. 3) The joy of whacking about little round pieces of matter with long thin ones in the shape of bats, clubs, cues, rackets, sticks, mallets, or whatever kind of implement will most effectively displace the round pieces of matter upon which it impinges.

These, concludes the philosopher, are, dispassionately considered, the pursuits of children. They do not directly touch the soul. . . . And all things considered, who will say him nay?

THE CHEERFUL HEART

To keep the face cheerful, the voice cheerful, we must keep the heart cheerful. This is not always an easy matter. One does not simply have to say, "I will be cheerful," and then have it so. He has to work for cheerfulness just as he works to be honest, or kind, or brave, or learned. He must be looking out for bright things to say and do. He must deliberately, yet quickly, choose which things he will think about, and why. He has to shut his teeth, as it were, sometimes, and turn away from the gloomy things, and do something to bring back the cheerful spirit. If we are cheerful for others we are doing good for ourselves. Good given, means good sent back. Cheerfulness can become a habit, and habit helps us over hard places. A cheerful heart sees cheerful things.

✠-----LIGUORIANA-----✠

EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

PREPARATION FOR COMMUNION

To prepare better for Holy Communion, a soul should be disposed on two main points: it should be detached from creatures, and should have a great desire to advance in divine love.

1. In the first place, a soul should detach itself from all things, and drive everything from its heart which is not God. He that is washed, saith Jesus, needeth not but to wash his feet and is clean wholly; which signifies, as St. Bernard explains it, that in order to receive this sacrament with great fruit, we should not only be cleansed from mortal sins, but our feet also should be washed, that is, free from all earthly affections; for being in contact with the earth, they excite a sort of repugnance in God, and soiling the soul, prevent the full effects of Holy Communion. St. Gertrude asked our Lord what preparation he required of her for Holy Communion; and He replied: "I ask only that you come empty of yourself to receive me."

2. In the second place, it is most meritorious, in Holy Communion, to have a great desire to receive Jesus Christ and His holy love. In this great banquet, says Gerson, only those who are starving receive their fill, and the most Blessed Virgin Mary has said the same thing: He hath filled the hungry with good things. Just as Jesus, writes Father Avila, came into this world only after he had been much and long desired, so does he only enter a soul that

burns with longing for him; for it is not becoming that such food should be given to him who does not truly desire it. Our Lord one day said to St. Matilda: "The bee does not seek out the flowers to partake of their honey with more eagerness than do I hasten to souls who desire me in Holy Communion." Since Jesus Christ has so great a desire to come into our souls, it is only right that we should have a great longing to receive him and his divine love in Holy Communion. St. Francis de Sales says that the chief purpose of a soul in receiving the Body and Blood of our Lord should be to advance in the love of God. However, this is not essential since even for daily Communion, it is sufficient to be in the state of grace and to have a right and devout intention.

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It is sweet to every one to be in the company of a dear friend; and shall we not find it sweet, in this valley of tears, to remain in the company of the best friend we have, who can do us every kind of good; who loves us with the most tender affection, and therefore remains always with us?

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An empty joy which ends in pain,
Is all this world bestows;
Deceitful pomp and pageant vain,
Which death anon will close.
He to whom all save God is naught
Best knows the anguish of the
thought—
I yet might lose my prize;
On thee I fix my longing gaze,
To thee alone my sighs I raise,
O Paradise! O Paradise!

Book Reviews

HAGIOGRAPHY

The Saint of the Wilderness. By John Birch, Ph.D. With Foreword by John J. Wynne, S.J. Published by Benziger Bros. 236 pages. Price, \$2.00 net.

This is a short life of the heroic martyr missionary of the North American Indians. It sets a clear background for the story and tells it in episodic dramatic fashion. It is a book to fire the imagination and idealism of American youth, and to provide antidote for the easy going morals and manners of our day. St. Isaac Jogues represents the highest point in Catholic courage and nobility; his life illustrates the joy that always accompanies the giving one's self, even in pain and martyrdom, to God and souls; and his canonization by the Church makes him a particular patron of our land. After an introduction to his interesting life has been gained through this brief account, readers will be glad to take up the more complete account given in Father Talbot's "Saint Among Savages."

—D. F. M.

THEOLOGY

The Great God. A Course of Sermons on the Divine Attributes. By the Rev. Tihamer Toth, Professor in the University of Budapest. Translated by V. G. Agotai. Published by B. Herder. 230 pages with index. Price, \$2.00, net.

For subject matter and manner of treatment this is a remarkable book. Out of the workings of reason and the evidences in creation and the words of Jesus Christ, the author has given us an intelligible, comforting, fulsome description of God and His attributes. The book, though written by a learned professor, is for popular enlightenment, and the author has succeeded in bringing some of the most sublime truths about God down within the comprehension of the ordinary man. Outstanding traits in the author's manner of presentation are the sympathy and understanding with which he speaks to or of his fellow-human beings, and the wealth of imagery and analogy with which he illuminates what might easily have been left in dark-

Books reviewed here may be ordered through The Liguorian. These comments represent the honest opinions of the reviewers, with neither criticism nor deserving praise withheld.

ness and abstruseness. Meditations of the finest kind can be made right out of the pages of this book; and preachers will find it a storehouse of material from which to draw for their sermons

and discourses. —D. F. M.

MISSALS

Two new editions of the Daily Missal have recently been published. One is a revised edition of the well-known St. Andrew Missal, which is already a favorite with thousands of lovers of the liturgy of the Mass. The new edition has dropped the Latin of the Collects, Epistles and Gospels, printing only the English of these, though it has left both Latin and English for all the rest. The result is that this edition is much more compact and neat than the original bulky one, and the price range is from \$1.75 to \$8.50. The book is beautifully adorned with liturgical cuts. The E. M. Lohman Co. of St. Paul, Minn., is the publisher.

The other is a new edition of the complete daily Missal in both Latin and English published by the Brepols Catholic Press of Turnhout, Belgium and the C. Wildermann Co. of New York. This is, we believe, in every way the most complete Missal yet published, having 1584 and 54 pages. All prayers of the Mass are given both in Latin and English. It has copious rubrical notes, many prayers besides those of the Mass, special Masses for the various dioceses of the United States and Canada; yet with all this, it is a small compact volume. It will be the favorite Missal with many, we are sure. The price range is from \$2.50 to \$6.00.

PAMPHLETS

Parenthood. By Rev. Edgar Schmiedeler, O.S.B., Director, Family Life Section, N.C.W.C. Published by the International Catholic Truth Society, Brooklyn, N. Y. 32 pages. Price, 10 cents, postpaid, \$7.00 per hundred.

Many things make this little pamphlet appeal to us as a very good manual for all parents and prospective parents. For, as the author says: Parenthood is an ex-

alted profession—but is also a difficult profession. Very wisely he recognizes the limitations “to help that can be offered parents in their task of child training. Hard and fast rules that provide unailing solutions for all possible cases of discipline that may arise are quite beyond the realms of possibility.” This is due partly to the variations in the types of children as well as of parents, partly to the different circumstances of homes. Yet, something can be done. And Father Schmiedeler does do a great deal in the line of providing helpful suggestions regarding the fundamental purpose of child discipline, contact with the children, giving commands, punishment, rewards, taking account of the children's ages and types, and so on. The supernatural of course is not neglected.—A. T. Z.

Childhood Religion. By Rev. Edgar Schmiedeler, O.S.B., Ph.D. Published by the International Truth Society, Brooklyn, N. Y. 32 pages. Price, 10 cents; \$7.00 per hundred.

All the good features of the pamphlet on Parenthood are reproduced in this one. Certainly it reaches the most necessary side of child training. The conclusions offered are based on the observations made by Sisters and teachers and hence arise out of actual facts and conditions; this appeals, because it impresses one at once with the practicability of the helps suggested. Moreover, the supernatural and the natural are given their due share. Here for instance are the foundations derived from true theology and psychology: 1) the baptized preschool child is in the state of grace. 2) He cannot impede grace before he reaches the age of reason. 3) Parents can win grace for the child. 4) Knowledge of God can be given the child as his intelligence develops. 5) Habits of virtue can be formed, thus rendering him amenable to the greatest activity of grace. So that by the time the child reaches the age of reason, his personality may be most favorably integrated for further and steady growth in good. On these basic principles, incontrovertible, a method of child training in religion is built up. Parents and those contemplating marriage should have this pamphlet as well as the one on Parenthood.—A. T. Z.

Outside and In. By Floyd Keeler, former Archdeacon of the Episcopal Church. Published by the International

Catholic Truth Society. 32 pages. Price, 10 cents per copy. \$2.25 for 25.

In 32 pages Floyd Keeler endeavors to give us an idea of his way “home”—to the Catholic Church. The subtitle of the pamphlet is: a gripping story of mental conflict and spiritual conversion. I feel sure Mr. Keeler did not write that, but it is true. It is a gripping story. One wishes the pamphlet were much longer. Often the “asides” in his story are just as striking as the things he wishes mainly to say. As for instance when he remarks: “In many cases the first contact persons (converts) receive is through association with Catholics—lay folks, of course. How heavily fraught are such meetings with the chances for weal or woe! Seldom do we realize how the Church is being judged through us! What a responsibility!” Two things born Catholics may well learn from this story: the attitude of average non-Catholics towards the Church and the difficulties new converts have to meet.—A. T. Z.

Blessed Martin de Porres. The Life of an American Negro, a Dominican Tertiary. By Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J. (Second Printing) 24 pages. Published by the Central Bureau of the C. V., St. Louis, Mo.

Here is a story to touch one's heart. First one sounds the depths of human misery. Blessed Martin was a mulatto, born in Lima, Peru, in 1569. He was rejected by his father, a Spanish nobleman, hated by his mother, and despised by all. No wonder he was friend to all hated and despised things. But from this sordidness and wretchedness, through God's grace and the help of the Dominican Fathers, there grew up a beautiful flower that, no doubt, will some day adorn our altars. Blessed Martin never forgot “the meanness of his extraction”;—but not with any bitterness did he remember it; it only lent a new glamor to his holiness. The fact that this pamphlet is in its second printing shows that it has unusual appeal. May it help to break down prejudice and give a fairer knowledge of what might be done by the Negro.—A. T. Z.

Fields for Catholic Action. By the Most Rev. J. F. Noll, D.D. A review of the state of the nation in regard to Faith, Morals, Education, the Press, and the Social Order, with a view to showing Catholics what is to be accomplished by their leadership and what can be done by their organized action.



Catholic Events



Persons:

The Rt. Rev. Msgr. Nelson H. Baker, known as the Padre of the Poor, who built up a 25,000,000 group of charitable institutions in Lackawanna, N. Y., died July 29th. He was 96 years old and had spent more than 60 years in the priesthood. An estimated throng of over 25,000 attended his funeral, held from the magnificent basilica that is the center of the many institutions he erected for every form of charity.

The Rt. Rev. Msgr. Richard T. Guilfoyle, chancellor of the Erie diocese for the last 13 years, has been named bishop of Altoona by the Holy See. He succeeds the late Bishop John J. McCort, who died last spring. The new bishop is 43 years old.

The Most Rev. Wm. D. O'Brien, auxiliary bishop of Chicago, has recently been reappointed to the post he has held for some years as President of the Catholic Church Extension Society of America. This is his third term. Under Bishop O'Brien's presidency the Extension Society had its first million dollar year in 1931, and since that time the funds received and disbursed for the spread of the faith have increased.

The Most Rev. John Mark Gannon, bishop of Erie, has been elected chairman of the committee of bishops appointed last November to lay plans for establishing a Seminary in the United States for the training of Mexican students for the priesthood. A definite site for the Seminary has not yet been decided upon.

The Rev. Frank Fitzpatrick, former pastor of the South Park Methodist Episcopal Church in St. Joseph, Missouri, recently resigned his pastorate to be received into the Catholic Church by the Very Rev. Charles F. Buddy, pastor of St. Joseph Cathedral. Influential in effecting his conversion was the reading of Cardinal Gibbon's *Faith of Our Fathers*, which destroyed his early false impressions of the Catholic Church, made him dissatisfied with the teachings of the Church in which he had been reared, and aroused him to interest that finally led him to seek out a priest and become fully instructed.

J. Lewis May, well known English man of letters, has been received into the Church. He is best known among Catholics by his book "Cardinal Newman" written long before he became a Catholic. Previous to that he had been one of the founders and editors of the *Anglo-French Review*, and was a friend and translator of the notorious agnostic, Anatole France. It was his study of Newman that finally led him into the Church.

The Rev. Martin Forner, C.Ss.R., who entered the leprosarium of Santa Angela at Sao Paulo, Brazil, in 1928 to minister to the lepers, died recently of leprosy contracted in his work. Since his taking up the work, religious devotion among the 700 lepers at Sao Paulo has shown a remarkable increase. He had also been permitted to preach missions and retreats to lepers in other colonies. He continued his work, despite the ravages of the disease almost up to the time of his death, which came when he was 62 years of age.

THE LIGURIAN

Joyce Kilmer, American Catholic patriot and poet, author of the poem "Trees," will be permanently honored by the dedication of a magnificent virgin forest in the Blue Ridge Mountains near Robbinsville, N. C., to his memory. The dedication ceremony was held last month. President Roosevelt sent a message of warm approbation. The area will henceforth be known as the Joyce Kilmer Forest.

Premier Hepburn of Ontario, Canada, though a non-Catholic, holds that Catholic schools are entitled to a share of the taxes which Catholics pay directly or indirectly. Supporting legislation that will give them their due, he has said: "Roman Catholics have been denied British justice for 70 years. They are entitled to fair play."

Places:

In *Milwaukee, Wisconsin*, a solemn Pontifical high Mass was celebrated by the Most Rev. Aloisius J. Muench of Fargo at St. Sebastian's Church on August 26th to commemorate the 10th anniversary of the foundation of the Apostolate of Suffering. Archbishop Stritch of Milwaukee preached the sermon. The apostolate owes its origin to the inspiration of an invalid, Miss Clara Tiry, and the guidance of Bishop Muench when he was located in the archdiocese of Milwaukee. It has spread throughout the country and now numbers some 5,000 members. Attendance at the anniversary Mass was limited to the sick and their attendants and the clergy.

In *Dublin, Ireland*, 200 homes newly erected were consecrated to the Sacred Heart in one great religious ceremony. At a central site an altar had been erected and the Rosary was recited by the people. After hymns had been sung, all joined in the recitation of the Consecration to the Sacred Heart. Then a procession was formed and each house along the march was separately consecrated.

In *Beaver Dam, Wisconsin*, several churches forced a local theatre manager to abandon a project to stage a public wedding. "We believe," said the resolution adopted by the various church committees in protest, "that any such prostitution of holy Matrimony is injurious to the moral and spiritual interests of the community."

In *Oklahoma*, two groups of students from Rosary College, Chicago, spent the month of July in Catholic Evidence Guild work. Open air meetings were held in the evenings, with explanations of religious truth and questions and answers. The Dominican Sisters who accompanied the students assembled children of the vicinity for instruction during the day.

In *Canada*, there are 4,285,388 Catholics in a total population of 10,376,786. The largest non-Catholic body, the United Church of Canada, made up of a union of Methodists and Presbyterians formed in 1925, has 2,017,375 members.

In *Vatican City*, the United States Section of the World Catholic Press Exposition now being held has been warmly praised as among the best, if not the best, exhibit in the entire exposition. The Central Committee for the Exposition has designated the United States salon as one of the few places scattered throughout the Exposition where visitors will be invited to pause for rest or study. There are 4,631 publications of the United States represented there in a most artistic design, grouped according to the various classifications of Catholic literature. They represent a combined circulation of 8,990,657.

L u c i d I n t e r v a l s

Two knights of the road were walking along the railroad tracks and found a bottle of white mulé. One took a drink and passed it to the other. And so forth until the bottle was empty.

After a while one puffed out his chest, saying: "Bill, tomorrow I am going to buy all the railroads, all the automobiles, all the steamships—everything. What do you think of that?"

Bill looked at his companion disparagingly, and replied, "Impossible, you can't do it."

"Why not?"

"I won't sell!"

*

The midday whistle had blown when Murphy shouted: "Has anyone seen me vest?"

"Sure Murphy," said Pat, "and ye've got it on."

"Right and I have," replied Murphy, gazing solemnly at his bosom, "and it's a good thing ye seen it or I'd have gone home without it."

*

There was a terrible crash as the train struck the car. A few seconds later, Mr. and Mrs. crawled out of the wreckage. Mrs. opened her mouth to speak, but her husband stopped her, "Don't say a word," he snapped, "I got my end of the car across. You were driving the back seat and if you let it get hit it's no fault of mine."

*

The lodge brother reached home about 3 a.m. somewhat inebriated, and had considerable difficulty unlocking the door. Hearing the commotion, his wife called down, "Shall I throw you the key?" "No, I have a key," he replied, "Throw down a bunch of keyholes."

*

He (driving): "Good night! Out of gas right in the middle of traffic."

She: "You can't stop for that, George, here comes a cop!"

*

The glad tidings reached the new papa in a telegram: "Hazel gave birth to a little girl this morning; both doing fine." On the message was a sticker reading: When you want a boy, call Western Union."

Howard Myers was hungry after his long train ride, so arriving at a small station he hailed a boy out on the platform and said: "Here, buddy, do you mind taking this dime and getting me a sandwich? And, by the way, here's another dime. Get yourself a sandwich too."

The boy accepted the commission and in a few minutes returned munching a sandwich. "Here's yer dime back, mister," he said. "They only had one sandwich left."

*

A professor of natural history, who was delivering a lecture on the chimpanzee, noticed that the attention of the students was wandering.

"Gentlemen," he said sternly, "if you expect to conceive of the appearance of this remarkable beast you must keep your eyes fixed upon me."

*

Two Jewish business men were riding home from their stores, on the street car. Side by side they sat, both looking worried and both remaining silent. Finally one heaved a deep sigh. The other studied him for a moment and then said in an annoyed tone: "You're telling me?"

*

A man consulted his physician for a general run-down condition. The doctor told him he was suffering from alcoholism. He told the doctor he wouldn't dare tell his wife that, and asked for some big word to tell her that would obscure the meaning. The doctor refused to give him any other name. On his way home he tried to think of a big word to tell his wife. He passed a music store and saw the word "Syncopation" in the window, and decided to tell his wife that was the disease he had. When he told her, she was terribly alarmed and consulted the dictionary as to its meaning. She read the definition, "Erratic leaping from bar to bar."

*

He (twice nicked by the razor): "Hey, barber, gimme a glass of water."

Barber: "Whassa matter, hair in yer mouth?"

He: "No, I wanna see if my neck leaks."

Redemptorist Scholarships

A Redemptorist scholarship or burse is a fund of \$5,000 whose interest serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary forever. Below is the list of incomplete Burses. Sums large or small may be given, and each donor is included in the daily Masses, Holy Communions and special prayers offered up by all Redemptorist students.

Supporting candidates for the priesthood has always been a favorite work among Catholics.

By this, families in which none has received an actual vocation may adopt a priest as their own.

By this, they make themselves sharers in all the labors of the priest whom they have aided.

By this they take an active part in perpetuating the Church of Christ.

Married Ladies' Burse, St. Louis,		
Rock Church	\$2,724.52	
Ven. Bishop Neumann Burse.....	4,570.00	
Sacred Heart Promoters' Burse...	\$4,653.57	
League Promoters of the Rock		
Church	30.00	4,683.57
St. Joseph's Burse.....		1,711.00
St. Francis Assisi Burse.....		2,907.50
Little Flower Burse.....		3,004.50
St. Anne's Burse.....		657.00
St. Jude's Burse.....		270.00
St. Rita's Burse.....		517.00
St. Thomas Apostle Burse.....		211.00
St. Gerard's Burse.....		533.00
St. Peter's Burse.....		247.25
Holy Family Burse.....		27.50
St. Anthony's Burse.....		410.00
Mary Gockel Burse.....		12.00
Rev. Nicholas Franzen, C.Ss.R.,		
Memorial Burse	1,115.73	
Anonymous	1.00	1,116.73
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse	957.94	
R. W. Cornell	5.00	962.94
St. Alphonsus Burse.....		184.00
Holy Redeemer Burse.....		500.00

Motion Picture Guide

THE PLEDGE: *I condemn indecent and immoral motion pictures, and those which glorify crime or criminals. I promise to do all that I can to strengthen public opinion and to unite with all who protest against them. I acknowledge my obligation to form a right conscience about pictures that are dangerous to my moral life. As a member of the Legion of Decency, I pledge myself to remain away from them. I promise, further, to stay away altogether from places of amusement which show them as a matter of policy.*

The following films have been rated as unobjectionable by the board of reviewers:

Aces and Eights	"F. P. I. antwortet nicht"	Pepper
Alte Kameraden	(German)	Phantom Patrol
And Sudden Death	Fugitive Sheriff	Picadilly Jim
Anna und Elisabeth	The Garden Murder Case	Poor Little Rich Girl
(German)	Ghost Patrol	Poppy
And So They Were Married	The Girl of the Ozarks	Postal Inspector
Arizona Raiders	Girls' Dormitory	The Preview Murder Mystery
Avenging Waters	Give Us This Night	The Princess Comes Across
Below the Deadline	Grand Jury	Prison Shadows
Big Noise	The Green Pastures	The Prisoner of Shark Island
Blackmailer	Gross Mir Die Lore	Private Secretary
Bohemian Girl	(German)	Public Enemy's Wife
Brand of the Outlaw	Guns and Guitars	The Return of Jimmy Valentine
The Border Caballero	Half Angel	The Return of Sophie Lang
Border Flight	The Harvester	The Revolt of the Zombies
Border Patrolman	Heart of the West	Rio Grande Romance
The Boss Rider of Gun	Hearts Divided	Roaring Guns
Creek	Hearts in Bondage	Romeo and Juliet
Boulder Dam	Here Comes Trouble	Rogue of the Range
The Bride Walks Out	High Tension	Rogue's Tavern
Bunker Bean	Hot Money	Rhythm on the Range
Charlie Chan at the Race	House of a Thousand	San Francisco
Track	Candles	Schloss Hubertus
China Clipper	Ich und die Kaiserin	Schloss Vogeloe
Cloistered	I Was a Captive of Nazi	Schwarzwaldmaedel
Cloistres de Femmes	Germany	The Shadow
Counterfeit	Kelly of the Secret Service	The Shakedown
The Country Beyond	Kelly the Second	Sing, Baby, Sing
The Cowboy and the Kid	The Kid Ranger	The Singing Cowboy
Crash Donovan	The Last of the Warrens	Sins of Man
Crime Patrol	The Last Outlaw	So Ein Maedel Vergisst Man
The Dancing Pirate	The Leathernecks Have	Nicht (German)
Darkest Africa	Landed	Song of China
Das Maedchen Johanna	Let's Sing Again	Sons o' Guns
(German)	The Life of Louis Pasteur	Special Investigator
Der Traum Von Rhein	The Lion's Den	Speed
(German)	Love Begins at 20	Stampede
Der Vetter Aus Dingsda	Love On a Bet	Sundown Saunders
(German)	Lucky Terror	Thoroughbred
The Devil's Squadron	Man's Best Friend	Three Cheers for Love
Die Csardasfuerstin	Mary of Scotland	Three of a Kind
(German)	Meet Nero Wolfe	Three on the Trail
Die Stimme Der Liebe	Midsummer Night's Dream	Three Wise Guys
Down to the Sea	The Milky Way	Ticket to Paradise
Down the Stretch	The Mine With the Iron Door	Tough Guy
Don Bosco	M'Liss	Trallin' West
Early to Bed	Modern Times	Trail of the Lonesome Pine
Earthworm Tractor	Music Goes Round and Round	Trapped by Television
Easy Money	My American Wife	Trouble for Two
Educating Father	My Man Godfrey	Undercover Man
Ein Ganzer Kerl	Mysteries of Notre Dame	Wellington Pike Goes West
Everyman's Law	Navy Born	We Went to College
The Ex-Mrs. Bradford	Nine Days a Queen	The White Angel
Farmer in the Dell	Nobody's Fool	White Fang
Fast Bullets	Oberwachtmeister Schwenke	Winds of the Wasteland
The Fatal Lady	O'Malley of the Mounted	Wolves of the Underworld
	Parole	Woman Trap

